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# STAR-SPANGLED DICK;

Or, The Boy Hero of Wyoming.

By R. M. TAYLOR.



"JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES," RETURNED DICK, AS HE WAVED THE FLAG AND HELD FORTH THE CAPTURED EAGLE.



# STAR-SPANGLED DICK;

OR,

## THE BOY HERO OF WYOMING.

By R. M. TAYLOR.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DICK'S RIDE.

In the summer of 1778, the American troops, under the command of Washington, and the British, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, occupied the section of country then known as the valley of Wyoming.

Captain Tom Trainor was a cavalry officer connected with the army under Washington, and Harry Radcliffe held a similar rank and position in the army commanded by Sir Henry Clinton.

Both of these young captains loved Maud Marvel, the daughter of old Captain Marvel, an ex-sea captain, who lived on his farm close by the Susquehanna River.

Dick Marvel, the hero of our story, was the brother of Maud, and while he was a staunch American, his father was considered by his neighbors a Tory.

At the time our story opens, the Marvel family consisted of the old captain, his wife, Maud, Dick, and the servant-girl, Bridget O'Coode.

A neighbor of the Marvels was the Tory, Colonel John Butler, who had in his employ a tall, red-haired Irishman, who gloried in the name of Dinny O'Toole.

Captain Trainor had started with his troop on a trip through the country, and one evening as Dinny was visiting his sweetheart, Bridget, he informed her that his master, Butler, had entered into a conspiracy with Captain Radcliffe to capture the young American officer.

As soon as Bridget received this information, she sought her young master, Dick Marvel, and told him what she had heard.

Dick Marvel ran into the house to break the news which Dinny O'Toole had brought.

"There's goin' to be a big fight round here!" he exclaimed, as he bounded through the door-way, clapping his hands in glee as he spoke, his eyes sparkling roguishly. "Captain Radcliffe, with two hundred redcoats, is up the river ten miles at Butler's, and Captain Tom Trainor is down the river thirty miles, with a hundred and fifty Wyoming boys. And won't Tom Trainor make them redcoats dust! Golly, but it will be fun!"

"Shiver my t'gallant eyebrows and tarry toplights, it might be otherwise, you young rebel!" returned Captain Marvel.

Maud had turned pale.

"How have you learned this, Brother Dick?" she asked.

"A true American boy tells no tales," responded Dick; "but matters stand as I have told you."

"Bloodshed! bloodshed! bloodshed!" ejaculated Mrs. Marvel, shaking her head, and heaving a deep-drawn sigh.

"And how do you hope, Sissie, the battle may turn?" whispered Dick, as he threw his arms about Maud's neck.

"Please, Dick, don't speak so before father."

And Maud ended her whispered entreaty with a kiss.

"Captain Radcliffe will one of these days be inheriting his father's title and grand estates in England," said Mrs. Marvel, "and I doubt not that you, dear Maud, are the innocent cause of his visit to Wyoming. I pray you, daughter, prepare your mind to treat him well."

"If she doesn't, I'll disown her; shiver my bowsprit and dash my scupper if I don't!" growled the old captain.

"And if she doesn't treat Captain Tom Trainor better, she'll lose the affections of her brother Dick," quoth Dick.

"Set sail for bed, you lubber!" commanded Captain Marvel.

Mrs. Marvel and Maud smiled. Dick looked at his father, and then started on a run toward the door-way which opened up stairs.

"Come here, you lubber! come here! Where are you going? How dare you leave your father that way?" shrieked Captain Marvel.

Dick turned about, threw his arms around his father's neck, and kissed him good-night.

"Give me that cane till I whale the rascal!" roared the jovial old salt, his heart in reality full of love and admiration for his boy. "Now, set sail, you lubber!"

Dick kissed his mother, then caught Maud and pulled her through the door-way which led up stairs.

"Before morning, Maud," he whispered, "I'll see Captain Tom Trainor. What shall I say to him for you?"

"See Captain Trainor?" exclaimed Maud, a deep blush diffusing itself over her fair face.

"Yes, see Captain Trainor. Do you suppose Dick Marvel's goin' to let him and his brave boys run into a trap?"

"Why, if he's thirty miles away—are you going to fly?" whispered Maud.

"Never mind *how*. I'm going to see and warn him of the redcoats, and then, Sissie, won't there be fun? How the Wyoming boys will make 'em scratch gravel? What shall I tell the captain for you?"

"That I will be glad to see him," quoth Maud, softly.

"Heaven love you, Sissie—good-night," and Dick planted a fervent kiss on Maud's ripe, red lips, and hastened up stairs to bed.

When all in the Marvel home were safely abed, Dick arose, put on his clothes, and stole softly down stairs.

Crossing in the moonlight to the log-stable, he took down a bridle from the rack, and started toward the field in which Brown Meg, his father's fast mare, grazed.

Tramping about in the dewy clover, he found the sleek, spirited animal quietly grazing.

As he approached she lifted her shapely head and neighed.

"It's only me, Meg," said Dick. "don't be afraid."

The mare knew the lad's voice, and permitted him to catch her.

Speedily he slipped the bridle over her head, and led her through the field out upon the smooth road which ran north and south through the valley.

Springing nimbly upon her back, he turned her head toward the south, then leaning forward, yelled in her ear:

"Brown Meg, in the name of Washington, Captain Tom Trainor, and the Continental Congress, go ahead! Git!"

Brown Meg plucked back her ears, her eyes flashed, her nostrils expanded, and she started forward like a whirlwind.

For nearly two hours Dick Marvel sped southward, his soul filled with enthusiasm, and the fatigue of the rough journey completely neutralized in the realization of the nobleness of his task.

Suddenly the mare entered a long stretch of heavy timber. Huge boughs met and intertwined over the road, shut out the moonlight, and shaded the bridal path pitch-dark.

Dick gave the good mare the reins, and let her find the way herself. Of a sudden, bang! came a heavy-feathered, living substance against Dick's breast. He could not see what it was, and the force with which it struck him almost unseated him from the mare. He grasped it quickly, and found that it was a huge bird.

"Ha!" thought Dick, "it's an owl that's been flying across the road, and come in collision with me."

The bird was in reality a young eagle, which was so badly stunned that it yielded a ready captive, and Dick sped along with it secure under his left arm.

Barely a hundred yards from where he caught the eagle, and before he had passed through the timber, while the mare was rushing along at the top of her speed, there came, from the roadside ahead, the hoarse command:

"Halt!"

The frightened mare dashed on in spite of Dick's efforts to stop her.

"Halt! or you're dead!" cried the voice again, this time close by.

Brown Meg, thoroughly unmanageable, sped on.

Three rifles flashed on the instant, and as many bullets came whistling about Dick's ears.

In a moment more, as the mare passed from the woods into the moonlight, her bridle was grasped by half a dozen armed men, and a hundred others came running toward the captured boy.

"Are you a friend or foe!" demanded one of the men.

"Judge for yourselves," returned Dick, and reaching toward the breast of his coat, he brought forth a small American flag which Bridget O'Coode had made for him.

As he waved the flag in his right hand, he held forth the captured eagle in his left.

"My name's Dick Marvel, and I bear a message to Captain Tom Trainor of the American Army."

"By Jove, it is little Dick Marvel!" cried one of the troopers, who had sprung up aside Dick on the restless mare, and looked into the boy's face.

Never did a heartier shout greet the ear of a conquering general from a hundred throats than these hardy American soldiers sent forth in a prolonged cheer of greeting to the little hero whom they all knew well.

Captain Trainor sprang from the blanket on which he had been sleeping in the camp near by, and with others of the troop came forward, swords in hand, to learn the cause of the uproar. The



horses, tethered hard by on the river-bank, began to neigh and prance as if they, too, desired to have a hand in the fun.

"Have those horses looked to," commanded the captain; then turning to an approaching soldier, he asked what the cheering meant.

"It's little Dick Marvel come with a message for you," returned the trooper. "He was flying through camp regardless of the sentries' bullets, and when we asked him whether he was friend or foe, he pulled out an American flag from his bosom, and waving it in one hand, and holding a live eagle in the other, says he, 'That shows you what I am.' He presented the eagle to the troop, and look, they're bringing him this way."

Dick had dismounted from Brown Meg, and several of the Wyoming boys had taken the mare aside, and were rubbing her down and giving her a feed of oats.

The ensign of the troop held aloft the eagle which Dick had captured, and borne on the shoulders of two stalwart cavalymen, Dick waved his flag as they approached Captain Trainor.

Captain Trainor ran forward and took the brave boy in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him. A manly tear dropped on the gallant soldier's cheek as he did so.

"I've great news for you, captain," quoth Dick.

"Come sit you here on the grass, and tell it," returned the captain; and placing Dick on a downy bank, he squatted beside him.

Dick, bursting with desire to impart what he knew, said:

"Captain Radcliffe and over two hundred redcoat cavalry are this night encamped forty miles up the river. They know of your whereabouts, and are preparing a trap for you."

"And you, my brave boy, have sprung it on 'em!" cried Captain Trainor, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm.

"Certainly I did," responded Dick; "that's nothin'. Do you suppose that I was a-goin' to let you fellows run into a trap?"

"And who sent you here?" asked the captain.

"Nobody sent me," returned Dick. "I came myself, and I've got to get back before father misses the mare, or I'll catch it, I'll tell you."

"And does no one know you are here?"

"Only one."

"Who?"

Dick whispered into Captain Trainor's ear:

"Maud."

"And did she approve your coming?" asked the captain, in a whisper.

"She said to tell you she would be glad to see you."

"And the dear girl shall see me," returned Captain Trainor, "for never did lady in the days of knighthood witness a neater battle in behalf of beauty than she will behold to-morrow."

"Golly, but it's goin' to be a bully fight, ain't it?" said Dick, his eyes sparkling with the joy his soul felt.

"Boys," added Captain Trainor, rising to his feet, "we'll ride over them redcoats, and drive them from the valley before another sun sets, or Tom Trainor sleeps the long sleep to-morrow night. Now set about preparing for the fun."

The troopers cheered loud and long, and then began to bur-nish their swords, and look to their carbines and pistols.

"Brown Meg has had time to eat her oats, and the sooner I'm off the better," said Dick.

Captain Trainor ordered his men to bring Brown Meg forth, and assisted Dick to mount her.

"What shall I tell Maud?" whispered Dick.

"Tell her I'll see her to-morrow," responded Captain Trainor.

The entire troop congregated to witness Dick's departure for home, and as he galloped off on Brown Meg, waving his flag, the tall ensign lifting the eagle above his head, cried:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

And for a full mile, as Dick sped along, he could hear the enthusiastic cavalymen cheering him.

## CHAPTER II.

### A BATTLE FOR BEAUTY.

Early on the morning subsequent to Dick Marvel's ride, Captain Harry Radcliffe and Colonel John Butler sat talking in Butler's neatly furnished home, situated on the south end of his large farm, ten miles to the northward of Captain Marvel's.

It had been planned between the two that Radcliffe's cavalry, who were at the time mounted and ready for the ride without, should pass to a point five miles to the southward of Captain Marvel's house, where the river-road ran through a ravine encompassed by timber, and here await in ambush the approach of Captain Trainor's troops. Scouts were to proceed farther down

the river, and report the manner of the American advance. If they sent ahead scouts, these were to be captured, and at all events, when Trainor's troops arrived in force, they were to be fallen suddenly upon, routed, and "God save the king!" shouted at the disordered and flying remnants.

"To tell you the truth," said Captain Radcliffe, "I had not dreamed that I should serve the king in my ride so well as fortune places it in my power to-day. My mission here was rather of a pacific nature—in fact, one of love. The entire plan of my expedition to Wyoming was, that I might visit the beautiful daughter of Captain Marvel—and the romance of the matter is that Captain Trainor comes on the same errand. We'll have a battle for the lady of the day—a regular old-fashioned tournament for the favors of the queen of beauty on a grand modern scale."

Harry Radcliffe, filled with enthusiasm at the idea of battling for Maud Marvel's smiles, smiled himself. Colonel Butler had been unusually pleasant for a man of his austere mien, but as the gay captain spoke, a frown crept over his features.

"And is there a woman then in the case?" he asked, bestowing a contemptuous glance on vacancy.

"Ay, and a fair one, too. Should not that give me heart, even were I a craven, fighting against a rival of my rank? What a plea 'twill be in my favor with her if I can drive Trainor and his troopers like deer from the valley. For even the pretty doe of the deer-herd looks more kindly on the conquering male in the conquest which her beauty has excited."

Captain Harry Radcliffe's eyes burned with all the ardor of a budding hero expectant of booty and honors. Colonel Butler turned boldly upon him.

"I had hoped," he returned, "that you would have an easy victory over Trainor, curse him! The man who has sprung the main-spring of revolt in the hearts of hundreds of young men in this valley, who otherwise had been with the king and me; but if there's a woman in the case, even although she be the daughter of my friend, Captain Marvel, I would advise you to ignore the damsel for the present, and do your duty as a soldier. I lose spirit in your expedition, for had I been an oracle of old, to have given signs to the world, I'd named a woman as the synonym of disaster. I respect Captain Marvel and his wife as friends of the king; I hate his daughter Maud and his son Dick as the king's enemies. The time by the clock overruns the hour when you should have been off with your troop. You have been delayed by this chat about women. I wish you, in the king's name, a prosperous day."

Captain Radcliffe merely laughed at Colonel Butler's prognostications.

"Ha, ha!" thought he, as he gazed admiringly without upon his two hundred ready troopers, who waited patiently for the signal to ride; "this man Butler has at some time been badly fooled by a lady fair, and a crusty old bachelor is he. I'll show him the influence of beauty on a battle."

Dinny O'Toole, Colonel Butler's man-of-all-work, moved about among the British troopers ministering to their wants. Sergeant O'Flailly, a man of Irish birth, had dismounted from his horse, and was arranging the girth-band of his saddle when he espied Dinny.

"Arrah, Mickey!" quoth Sergeant O'Flailly, "I think I re-caved a dust speck on me coat from bendin' undher the horse. Come and brush me off. Good boy. Bedad it's not ivary day ye have the honor to render such sarvice to a sergeant of the king's royal cavalry."

"I thank ye for nothing, Sergeant O'Flailly, thin," returned Dinny, brushing off the sergeant's coat with his hand, "the labor is more than the honor, although since yer so foine a lookin' soger I do it willingly."

"And could ye tell me of a girl that lives, as I am towld, in this valley av the name of Biddy O'Coode—an old colleen of moine afore she left the county of Tipperary, and loikwise I joined the king's troops?"

"Tatteration moy Biddy's lost to me foriver," thought Dinny to himself, "if this rascal knows her—"

In fact, he paused abruptly in his rubbing with a look of astonishment as the sergeant propounded the question.

"Howly Mother," said he evading a direct answer in the hope that he might hide the whereabouts of Bridget. "Sure you'll be settin the girls all crazy wid yer redcoat and brass buttons—for the glitter and impudence will bring a villain through a key-hole whin an honest man wid a plain coat can't get through an open door."

"O've been informed," quoth Sergeant O'Flailly, mounting his horse, that Biddy is wid Captain Marvel, a king's man, some tin moiles down the river. Likewise that ye are one av her beaus. But wid the best of wishes fur yer future loife, Mickey, and thanks fur yer dustin' av me off—ye will be com-



pelled to give up the lass hereafter—she must become Mrs. Sergeant O'Flaily."

"Sure," returned Dinny O'Toole, aflame with jealousy, "is it the loikes of a bafe-ater loike ye that 'ud be afther girls in this part of the world? Sure if ye'd drink water av thim they'd be puttin' pizen into it. Sure if ye kissed them they'd anticipate the salutation by plasterin' pizen on their purty lips. And worst of all is such Irish girls as ye moight encounther in yer ride."

"Niver do ye moind, Dinny O'Toole, it 'ud be delicious pizen—and I'll have moy share of whatever's on Biddy O'Coode's lips ere I laves this valley."

Captain Harry Radcliffe came forth at this moment from Colonel Butler's house. Dinny O'Toole hastened to lead to him his restless steed. He speedily mounted, and gave a signal to the bugler of the troops who sounded the advance.

As the glittering array of horsemen galloped southward Dinny O'Toole shook his fist at the departing form of Sergeant O'Flaily.

"Divil be in yer road, Sergeant O'Flaily," said he, "and the divil take ye, Biddy O'Coode, if ye skrew yer face into one smoile on him. But I'm thinkin'," he added, with a smile, "that Dick Marvel, wid his long-headed conthrin' 'll have a hundred and more devils there that'll dust yer redcoat, Sergeant O'Flaily, bether than Dinny O'Toole did it."

As Dinny thus spoke of Colonel Butler, his master came upon the stoop of the house and called to him:

"Dinny, you vagabond, take the fast gray stallion and ride after the troops, and report to me at once the outcome of the battle as soon as you have learned it."

"Bad luck to me," responded Dinny O'Toole, with a sly wink, "but them chaps are so upstartish, inquiren' av me for all the girls in the valley, it's meself that thinks they're more av lovers than sogers, and faix they moight outsthrup me intoirely, and return ye the news thimselves before moy arrival."

"You Irish scoundrel, I half believe so myself," quoth Butler. "But saddle Billy and be off at once, as I have commanded."

"Off I am," said Dinny O'Toole, hastening toward the stable, and thinking to himself as he went, "It'll not be long, Colonel Butler, ye ould Tory thafe, afore I'm off for good wid yer purty bag of gold, and yer sixteen other foine horses."

### CHAPTER III.

#### DICK IN THE HAY-MOW.

Captain Marvel always rose at the dawn of day, and went to the barn-yard to look over his herd of sleek cattle, and fondle his fine horses, which congregated at the bar-gate which was the entrance to their pasture-field.

When he rambled homeward on this particular morning, he seemed to walk brisker than he had done in going toward the stable. His face also appeared red, as if with anger.

In the house he found Maud and Mrs. Marvel, seated at the breakfast-table, Bridget O'Coode administering to their wants, and the parrot walking uneasily to and fro upon the mantelpiece, chattering for its portion of the meal.

Captain Marvel did not notice the cordial salutations of his wife and Maud, but sat doggedly down at the head of the table and began to eat.

A few minutes of silence ensued, then the captain inquired, abruptly:

"Where's that lubber, Dick?"

"Shure'n he's awful toired fur some rason this mornin'," returned Bridget. "I waked him three toimes and told him breakfast was ready. Then, at last, somewhat enraged at him, I pulled the covers off him, and I think that's roused him."

As Bridget recounted her trouble in waking the youthful scion of the house, a door opened, and Dick himself, with a shining morning face, but rubbing a pair of very sleepy eyes, entered and quietly seated himself at the breakfast-table.

"All I want this morning, Bridget," said he, "is a big, thick slice of bread, with half an inch of Maud's last churnin' of butter on it, and that spread all over with quince marmelade."

"An' is that all?" returned Bridget; "and sure I'd ought to be cookin' ye up wid dainties afther havin' to pull ye out of bed, me foine gentleman."

"Somebody's been riding Brown Meg last night," remarked Captain Marvel, giving drowsy Dick a stern glance.

Dick didn't flinch a bit, but kept his eye, with an air of concern, on the bread Bridget was preparing for him.

"Somebody's been riding Brown Meg last night—do you hear, ye lubber?" quoth Captain Marvel, in a tone as if he were speaking to a sailor on the maintop.

Dick took the huge piece of bread from Bridget's hand, and bounded to his feet; he doubtless felt there was a storm brewing.

"I'm going to see how she looks," quoth he, as he broke for the door.

"Come—come here! Do you hear? Come here, ye lubber!" yelled the irate old captain, rising from the table, and shaking his cane vigorously at Dick's retreating form.

"Yes, father, I'll come back soon and tell you if she has been ridden," said Dick, as he sped like a flash through the doorway and toward the stable.

As the boy ran he bit huge bites from his bread, and thought to himself:

"Tell you what, I wouldn't be licked for the world till I see the fun to-day. That would spoil it all. But if Tom Trainor knocks the spots out'n Radcliffe, I can take a trouncing just as easy as fallin' off'n a log."

"That lubber's been ridin' that mare, and I know it!" roared the old salt, when Dick had quitted the room. "And as my name is Zebulon Marvel, I'll whale that boy till he's black and blue. I'll learn him to go skylarking around on my best mare at night—egad I'll whip him!" and the captain thumped his cane vigorously on the floor by way of emphasis.

"Do not be so angry, father," said Maud, placing her hand gently on the captain's arm. "If Dick rode the mare, you know he will acknowledge it to you, and then, if you must do so, you can punish him," and Maud, dear girl, began to cry.

"Egad, I'll flog him black and blue!" shrieked Captain Marvel, as thoroughly enraged, he entered his own bedroom, and slammed the door behind him.

Little Dick, on reaching the stable, climbed up into the mow, and lay half-buried in the fragrant hay, eating his buttered bread, and peeping through an interstice between the logs toward the house and the valley road. One to have seen him there would have thought him the most contented boy in the world. In fact, in consideration of the fun which the boy expected the day to bring forth, that hay-mow breakfast was a regular picnic to him, and the only indication that might be construed into a symptom of realization on his part that a threatened whipping hung like a cloud over him, was that at intervals a solemn look stole momentarily over his face, as he remembered the angry look of his father. Then he would place a hand tenderly on that portion of boyhood's frame which seems expressly fashioned by nature for the wrathful visitation of enraged parents, and directly commenced to kick his feet into the hay as if entirely satisfied with his present position.

Suddenly the clatter of swift-falling hoofs from the road to the northward attracted little Dick's attention, and in an instant more Harry Radcliffe's redcoat cavalry emerged like a beautiful apparition, their richly decked uniforms and flashing sabers glittering in the morning sun, from a clump of trees that shut out the road beyond.

Dick gazed a moment, to assure himself that his eyes were not deceived.

"Golly, but ain't them redcoats comin' where 'here's a red-hot breakfast waitin' for 'em!" he exclaimed, and then he commenced to throw somersets in delight, and tumble about on the hay very much in the manner of a kitten after eating catnip leaves.

Harry Radcliffe's ride in the fresh, perfumed morning air, had been a glorious one. As he galloped along the smooth valley road, followed by his gay troopers, among fields redolent with new-mown hay, green with grass, golden with grain, rosy or brown with clover blossoms, he thought of Maud Marvel, and of the happy outcome of a sure victory over Captain Tom Trainor.

Directly on the road in front of the house the bugler sounded, in rich-ringing notes, a halt, which caused the troop to rein their steeds to a stop, and brought Captain Marvel, Mrs. Marvel, and Maud to the window.

Captain Radcliffe galloped his horse toward the door of the house and dismounted.

Captain Marvel hastened to the door to greet him.

"Welcome, good captain. Shiver my timbers! for forty years I've sailed under the flag you bear, and it gives me the heartiest satisfaction to set these eyes on so fine a troop of the king's cavalry as you command, once more."

"Thanks, sire," returned Captain Radcliffe, grasping the proffered hand of Captain Marvel, "and I am glad to find so cordial a welcome for once in this hostile land—it reminds me also of merry old England."

"There's one within, captain, who I think will be glad to see you."

"Ah, yes; your daughter. Dear girl, there's not one of England's fair beauties that so enslaves my soul as she."

"You are an honorable gentleman, Captain Radcliffe, and therefore I rejoice to hear you so compliment my child. Come in."



Captain Radcliffe followed within the neat sitting-room, and dropped upon a chair proffered by Captain Marvel.

"Maud will be here in a moment. In the meantime, captain, permit me to offer you some fine old—"

"Rum! rum! rum!" shrieked the parrot.

As the old salt took from the side-board his private decanter, and filled two glasses therefrom, Captain Radcliffe looked at his red nose, and smiled at the appropriate words of the parrot.

"I've sailed for forty years, Captain Radcliffe," continued Captain Marvel, passing one of the glasses to his guest, "under the bright red flag of—"

"Rum! rum! rum!" cried the parrot.

"Get out of the house!" you lubber!" roared the old captain, pushing the parrot with his cane toward the door-way which led down toward the kitchen. "Go and talk to Bridget—you are not proper company when I am talking to a—"

"Fool! fool! fool!" cried the parrot.

Captain Marvel, after banging the door behind the ejected bird, returned to Captain Radcliffe's side, and the two touched glasses to the officer's toast.

"With your permission, Captain Marvel, we drink to the health of your daughter Maud, the fairest of her sex, who enslaves my heart, and whom I hope to wed."

"Fool! fool! fool!" came from the angry bird, as it stepped awkwardly down the stair-way toward the kitchen.

"You have chosen, and with her father's permission and assent, as fair a little clipper as ever set sail on life's ocean," returned Captain Marvel, as the twain ended drinking; "and all the rocks and quicksands that are on your chart, my brave boy, are summed up in her assent or dissent to your becoming her commander for life."

"Then I have your consent to the match?" asked Captain Radcliffe, eagerly.

"As I have said."

"Shake on it, and thanks to you, noble old tar of Britain, and Heaven's choicest blessings be on you and yours forever."

A tear fell upon Harry Radcliffe's cheek as the two clasped hands.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SERGEANT O'FLAILY.

While Captain Radcliffe was being entertained by Captain Marvel, Sergeant O'Flaily left his horse in charge of a comrade, and came toward the kitchen window, at which Bridget O'Coode stood peering curiously out upon the soldiers.

As Sergeant O'Flaily advanced he threw considerable style into his walk, and when within a few steps of the house he bowed graciously to Bridget. But she, not recognizing him, became terribly angry at his action; her eyes flashed, she shook her fist, and let forth a storm of gibberish, which on account of the window-pane he could not hear.

Nothing daunted, Sergeant O'Flaily opened the kitchen door. He found Bridget with a dishpan in her hand ready to receive him.

"Begorra, ye redcoat thafe!" shrieked the angry maid of all work, "if ye dare to come into that door upon a dacent Irish-woman, I'll knock ye deader than Moll Pitcher knocked some of yer comrades on Monmouth."

"And is it Biddy O'Coode that don't be knowin' Teddy O'Flaily of Tipperary? Sure playmates we used to be, Biddy O'Coode," quoth Sergeant O'Flaily.

Bridget O'Coode speedily relaxed from her belligerent attitude. She dropped the dishpan with a crash, and looked searchingly into the sergeant's face. Then she recognized him, and bade him come in and welcome.

"Sure, Biddy, mavourneen," quoth Sergeant O'Flaily, "to think ye knew me no better than to be a goin' to greet me wid a knock—we that have played together, and danced so often side by side on the ould sod. Sure ye must have grown blind in America."

"Ye've grown sthouter, remember, Teddy," apologized Bridget O'Coode, placing Sergeant O'Flaily a chair; "besoides, the blaze from yer brass ornamentation is enough to blind anybody. But in moy way of thinking, ye don't look so good—although finer—as ye did wid yer green velvet vest and yer corduroy pants of the old time," and Bridget O'Coode shed a tear.

"How could a poor, thriftless chap get away from the turf into the world and make a man of himself widout puttin' on this coat?" asked Sergeant O'Flaily. "Bad luck to it, I have no special liken for it."

"Thanks to ye, Teddy O'Flaily, for thim wurd," returned patriotic Bridget; "and, Teddy, would ye be wantin' any refreshments?"

"Have ye a wee dhrop about the shelf," said Sergeant O'Flaily, winking an eye slyly, "as 'ud make us think of old toimes in Ireland—warming our hearts to that degree?"

"I have a wee dhrop I took from me master for the gossoon that does becomin' to see me o' nights wid his jigs and his fun."

And Bridget produced a bottle and glass from a secluded nook in the huge sideboard of the kitchen.

"Musha, Biddy," cried Sergeant O'Flaily in surprise, "and ye don't tell me ye have a beau in America?"

"Sure, I have but one," quoth Bridget. "For a year since, once a week, he's been afther spinding an evening in the kitchen wid me. Oh, but he's the elegantest dancer, and the swatest singer! I wish ye could hear him! How I wish he was wid us here this day."

"And who is this greenhorn ye're disgracin' yer purty lips tellin' me of?" asked Sergeant O'Flaily.

On the instant the outer door opened, and who should enter but Dinny O'Toole.

"Talk of the divil, and there he is!" exclaimed Bridget O'Coode, throwing up her hands in amazement, "and how are ye, Dinny?"

"And is this the greenhorn hostler ye've been tellin' me about?" inquired Sergeant O'Flaily, scowling contemptuously on Dinny O'Toole.

"And what a foine, ilegant sojer yer chattin' wid, Biddy O'Coode, to be sure," returned Dinny O'Toole. "As I live, it's Sergeant O'Flaily! Sure, I think his coat is finer than his manners. I think he'd better be home, clampin' turf on the bogs of the ould dart than wearin' it, though."

"An' wad ye be insultin' a king's soger?" demanded O'Flaily, thoroughly enraged.

"If the king ye sarves were the roight koind of a man, sure it wouldn't be palin' praties wid their teeth twinty-one toimes a week the poor boys at home 'ud be doing. For shame on you, and your coat!"

Sergeant O'Flaily, in his wrath, was on the point of bursting a flood of gibberish upon Dinny O'Toole, when Bridget O'Coode placed her hand on his coat.

"Arrah, Teddy," said she, "don't ye see the poor lad's teeth are not strong enough to hold his tongue quiet. Be asy with the lad, for moy sake."

"For your sake, is it?" demanded Dinny O'Toole, slightly jealous.

"Yis, for my sake," returned Bridget, drawing herself back with an air of dignity.

"Ah, musha, Biddy darlint," quoth Dinny O'Toole, sadly, in the way of reproof, "sure ye'll never be wise enough for the thricky pable that lives in this world."

"And ye've let yerself down in the world," said Sergeant O'Flaily, assuming a grand look, "me swate thuckeen, wid yer coshering and cuggering wid this googeen of a lackey. It's doubtful if ye could demean yerself in a hoigh station afther so doing, as the woife of Sergeant O'Flaily."

"Let herself down in the world, is it—by coshering wid Dinny O'Toole, is it?" returned Dinny O'Toole, shaking his fist in Sergeant O'Flaily's face. "Sure, ye upsthart, begorra, I can bate ye at anything in the world except wearing a red coat—the tyrant's badge that has overlooked the sthabbing of poor ould Ireland's heart."

"I'll have no foightin' here!" commanded Bridget O'Coode, coming between the angry men; "hear me! I loikes ye both, and I'll give ye an even chance, and a betther one than foightin'. Now, moind ye, I'll sit here on this chair, and ye shall each sing a song, and then afther ye shall dance a jig—and, by St. Patherick, but the one that plazes me best shall have me for his woife."

"I'm agreeable to that," said Dinny.

"Well, thin, go ahead," quoth O'Flaily, curling his lip contemptuously.

Bridget, the prize, sat erect on her chair, with folded arms, and Dinny O'Toole struck an attitude and began:

"There were fiddlers playing jigs, there were lads and lassies dancing;

And chaps upon their nags round the course, sure they were prancing;

Some were drinking whisky punch, while others bawled out, gayly:

"Hurrah then for the Shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelah!"

As Dinny ended singing he rattled off a neat step of an Irish jig.

"That's an asy one—me mother paid a guinea for it in the old country," said he, with a wink of triumph at Sergeant O'Flaily.

"Sthop it, Dinny," quoth Bridget O'Coode, "sure the toime will come for dancin' afther?"

"By yer singin' I think ye have a bad cold," sneered Sergeant O'Flaily.



"And did ye ever see any one have a good one?" asked Dinny O'Toole; "but fire away, me brave bafe-ater."

Sergeant O'Flailly placed his belt, pistols, and sword on the table, then braced himself back grandly, and sang:

"I came to the cabin she danced her wild jigs in,  
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;  
And, considering it served to keep poultry and pigs in,  
I'm sure it was always most elegant clean.  
But now all about it seems lonely and dreary,  
No piper to lighten my heart's heavy mood;  
Not even the sun through the casement is cheery,  
Since I missed the dear darling lass, Biddy O'Coode."

"I dreamt but last night, oh, bad luck to my dreaming!  
I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass—  
But I dreamt, while tears down my pillow were streaming,  
My Biddy was courting a big Irish ass!  
Oh, didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing?  
The grief of that thought was so deep and so crude,  
The captain cried, 'Teddy, boy, what is your ailing?'  
And all I could utter was, 'Biddy O'Coode.'"

As Sergeant O'Flailly ceased singing, Bridget O'Coode's face was full of smiles, but a fierce frown clothed Dinny O'Toole's features, and he stood with his right fist tight shut.

Sergeant O'Flailly was on the point of turning, with a grand bow, toward the queen of beauty, to note her approval, when the parrot, which was sitting on the kitchen stair-way, sung out:

"Come and kiss me!"

"Och, darlint!" exclaimed Sergeant O'Flailly, in delight, "sure I'd do that for ye wid half a hint, let alone the asking for it."

And with outstretched arms he rushed toward Bridget O'Coode to do as he supposed her bidding. It was a sad mistake for Sergeant O'Flailly.

Before his lips reached Bridget's, Dinny O'Toole's fist caught his left eye, and he fell sprawling like a frog upon the floor. At the same moment, little Dick Marvel stole softly into the kitchen, and cocking the trooper's pistols, which he had placed on the table, held one forward in each hand.

"Surrender!" cried Dick, pointing the pistols at the head of Sergeant O'Flailly, as he endeavored to rise from the floor; "surrender, in the name of Washington, to the American Army!"

Sergeant O'Flailly, holding one hand over his wounded eye, arose to a sitting posture, and looked with astonishment at his little captor.

"Oh, begorra!" said he, "and are you the American Army?"

"Well, if I hear a yelp out of you, or if you move, otherwise than by my command," retorted Dick, "I'll shoot you as dead as if every rifle in the American army had been emptied into you."

"And what are ye goin' to do wid him?" asked Bridget O'Coode.

"What does women know about war?" quoth Dick; "but, as you're a good girl, Bridget, and put all that stuff on my bread this mornin', I'll tell you. Seeing that he's an Irishman, with a red coat on his back, fighting against America, I'm going to find out what he eats, and cage him as a curiosity for exhibition."

"Ha, ha, ha! Dick, yer'e a broth of a boy," laughed Dinny O'Toole.

"Haw, haw, haw!" mocked Sergeant O'Flailly, shaking his fist at Dinny O'Toole. "It's me that'll be spoilin' yer fun yet, Dinny O'Toole, it is."

"Shut up!" commanded Dick, pointing the weapons threateningly.

"O'm as quiet as a mouse," said Sergeant O'Flailly.

## CHAPTER V.

### CAPTAIN RADCLIFFE'S PROPOSAL.

As Captain Harry Radcliffe and Captain Marvel chatted together, a gentle tap came on an inner door, which the host readily understood.

"One moment," apologized Captain Marvel, going to the door, and ushering in his beautiful daughter.

Maud Marvel, unadorned with the gewgaws of fashion, was a marvelous beauty, but when attired in all the adornments of the time, she was in reality a little queen.

As she entered, Captain Marvel begged to be excused on account of sundry attentions due from him without, and noting the acknowledged bow of Captain Radcliffe, he passed out, and closed the door.

"Why, Captain Radcliffe, I am delighted to see you," quoth the trembling Maud, as she tripped quickly forward, extending a tiny white hand.

Captain Radcliffe's eyes sparkled as he beheld the radiant beauty.

"Oh, Maud!" he exclaimed, as he bowed gracefully, and took the proffered hand in his.

"Forgive me, Maud, *dear* Maud, for this," and the gallant captain pressed Maud's hand to his lips.

"'Tis only my heart's image of beauty," he added, "that, not having the privilege, I do not press thy sweet lips."

"Oh, captain!" ejaculated Maud, blushing deeply.

"Indeed, Maud, believe me; and that I am abrupt in saying so to you is that I'm pressed for time, and that my duty bids me haste onward, that I speak so. I formed, as you know, an attachment for you in Philadelphia. Certain of my fellow-officers pooh-poohed the idea, saying there were fairer ones than you for me in England. In one way or the other I foolishly failed to tell you, Maud, as I now do, that I love you passionately and fondly. Since we parted, your face has haunted me day and night. I've seen your bright eyes in every sunbeam—I've dreamed them in every dream. I cannot, Maud, live without you. My father is hopelessly sick in England. When he dies, his vast estates fall to me. He has implored me to obtain a furlough and return to him, but I cannot return to England and wealth, unless my darling Maud will accompany me."

Maud, thoroughly embarrassed, blushed deeply, but said nothing.

A thought of brave Tom Trainor crossed the maiden's brain. Full well she knew that it would break his manly heart if she should wed another. Her little hero-brother Dick's affection for Trainor, too, came quickly to her mind. A moment she wavered. Then, again, the dazzling captain—his handsome face, and form, and clothing, his brilliant troopers, in glittering array, his honeyed accents, the wealth, honors, and love he surely offered, presented themselves in the mind of the excited girl.

She spoke not as she blushed, but turned her head away, and thought.

"Perhaps I have a rival in your affections," continued Captain Radcliffe; "I think I know him well. Think for an instant—the wealth of England is arrayed against these paltry rebels. Soon will they be conquered, and the gibbet, doubtless, will be the fate of him you pause to think upon."

Maud shuddered as the plausibility of this statement fell upon her mind.

"I pray thee, dearest Maud, consign yourself to no such hazardous love as such a one could offer. Think of the honor of your household. The happiness—or curse (as you shall choose)—that shall befall your aged father and mother. Discard this rebel captain at once. He is unworthy of you. Expel him from your thoughts, and make me happy forever."

A sparkling tear of pearl clung to the jetty fringe of the soft white lids of Maud's black eyes, and redder grew the blush on her fair cheek, while the little hand, which the gallant soldier tightly held, trembled violently, betokening the emotion which tossed within her gentle breast.

Captain Radcliffe, aflame with passion and love, fell on his knees before the excited girl.

"Oh, let my sighs and tears prevail," he cried, pressing again and again swift warm kisses on her hand. "I call on Heaven to witness I shall be all your fondest hopes might wish—your faithful, loving slave. Consent, dearest Maud; oh, consent, be mine. I'll live and die for you. Opportunity has lent his aid to these fleeting moments—oh, improve them ere they fly forever."

There was a fascination in Captain Radcliffe's manner and accents, coupled as they were with the wealth and honor which fortune had bestowed upon him, that would have wrought forcibly on any maiden's mind. When over and above all this Maud's parents wished her to take the step which the captain so earnestly on his knees implored, Maud's susceptible brain, half-crazed with excitement, yielded.

Turning slowly her tearful, blushing face toward her ardent suitor, she said:

"Captain Radcliffe, if you can accept the possession of a devoted heart, with the hand you hold, I give—"

Ere she had ended the sentence which would have betrothed her before the angels forever as Captain Harry Radcliffe's wife, there came the rumbling thunder of many horses' hoofs in the distance upon the air.

The bugler of Captain Radcliffe's troop sounded hastily "to saddle," he arose in surprise to his feet, and Maud Marvel's excitement turned almost to a pout at her lover's sudden change of demeanor.

A quarter of a mile toward the southward a dozen redcoat cavalry, who had been sent ahead as scouts, came rushing back at the utmost speed of their horses. A few paces in their rear came a body of horsemen. They wore gray coats. Above them flashed their sabers and fluttered the stars and stripes. From among them came a hoarse bugle bray that sounded as do the whistles of the lightning express trains of to-day, seeming to say, "Clear the track, or die!"



Captain Radcliffe's cheek grew pale; once he pressed Maud's hand to his lips, then sprang upon his horse, and galloped toward his troop.

"Sound the charge!" he cried, as he approached his excited men.

The British bugle sounded defiance to the advancing enemy, and at the head of his troopers, Captain Radcliffe spurred his noble horse southward.

"Now, before Heaven," said he to himself, as he drew sword, "'tis you Trainor or I for Maud's hand!"

## CHAPTER VI.

"I WANT TO BE LICKED GOOD!"

Captain Radcliffe had surmised correctly, the bugler's alarm called him to face Captain Tom Trainor and his troop of Wyoming cavalry.

Southward from Captain Marvel's house, some hundred yards, the road for a space broadened at the river-side to fully two hundred feet. Here met the rushing horse-troops of Harry Radcliffe and Tom Trainor.

Maud, trembling with excitement, went to the stoop steps and looked upon the soul-stirring scene—enacting, unconsciously, the part of a queen of beauty after the style of old.

Little Dick, at the first note of the bugle sounding "to saddle," paroled Sergeant O'Flaily, who agreed to remain peaceably in charge of Dinny O'Toole and Biddy O'Coode, and while the three peered anxiously through the window, he ran waving his little flag a dozen yards from the house, awaiting the issue of the battle.

For a moment the British cavalry advanced quickly toward the approaching cloud of dust, above which the upraised sabers and flag were all that was visible—their bright red coats, fine horses, glittering buttons, and shining upraised swords sparkling in the sun.

Suddenly they paused, and amid the dust a scene of confusion, intermingled with shouts and the quick flashes of fast-falling sabers, ensued.

For a moment the redcoat troopers stood their ground, then fell back fighting until they were just opposite Captain Marvel's house.

Then from the animated mass of dust and confusion emerged, in full view of the Marvel family, two horsemen who were readily recognized as Captain Harry Radcliffe and Captain Tom Trainor.

A moment they held their prancing steeds apart, and each doffed his hat toward Maud.

The battle on both sides seemed for the time, by mutual agreement, to come to a pause and the dust blowing off revealed the graycoats of America on the south side, and the redcoats of Britain on the north watching the movements of their respective captains.

They rushed together like tigers. Swift and harsh were the cuts they aimed at each other. But in an instant Harry Radcliffe's sword was sent spinning from his grasp. Then he drew a pistol, which was knocked from his hand. He was then seen to draw a second pistol, and this was sent whirling to the ground by a dextrous cut of Tom Trainor's sword, even before Radcliffe had cocked it.

Then Trainor slapped Radcliffe's horse on the head with the broadside of his weapon; the animal wheeled about to the northward, and Captain Trainor, not stooping to take the life of a disarmed enemy, slapped the horse's haunches with his sword's side, and he, becoming unmanageable, started ahead, bearing the enraged British captain.

"Up and at 'em, boys!" now cried Trainor, and like an avalanche the American troopers fell upon the foe.

Discomfited by their captain's defeat, the British soldiers lost heart, and in a mass they fled.

Captain Tom Trainor waved his hat again toward Maud, and she actually waved her hand at him. So quick a change came over her gentle heart. In fact, the dashing conduct of Captain Trainor, proving him the superior at arms over Captain Radcliffe, had worked up the maiden's soul so much in admiration for him that she felt ashamed that she had so kindly listened a moment before to Captain Harry Radcliffe's sophistry.

Little Dick during the battle stood waving his flag, and dancing about like a mad boy.

"Give it to 'em, Trainor! Give it to 'em!" he would shout.

And as the redcoat cavalry rode off in full rout, leaving their dead and wounded to be cared for by a detail of American troopers, the tall ensign of Trainor's troop, holding aloft, with the American flag, upon its perch the eagle which Dick had presented them, cried:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

Every member of the troop joined in sending forth three

hearty cheers, and little Dick was so delighted thereat that he commenced to turn somersets and jump about like a wild boy.

In an instant more the flying English and the pursuing Americans had disappeared beyond the clump of trees which shut out the road to the northward, and nothing but the distant sound of horses' hoofs, and the cries and groans of the wounded and dying, remained of the battle about the Marvel home.

"Dick," quoth Maud, gently, "don't roll about on the earth so."

"Golly, but it's fun!" returned little Dick, turning another half-dozen somersets.

But Dick, the real cause of the defeat of the British cavalry, as he ended the sixth somerset, was himself subjected to an attack in the rear.

Captain Marvel had witnessed his rebellious actions during the foray, and, coming suddenly upon the frolicking boy, grasped him by the coat collar.

"Ah, you lubber! Ah, you rebel!" cried Captain Marvel.

"Oh, but father," quoth Dick, his eyes beaming with joy and excitement, "but didn't Trainor lick 'em?"

"What's that to do, you rascal, with your riding Brown Meg last night?" demanded Captain Marvel, pulling Dick toward the house.

"Father," quoth Dick, "don't pull me. I'll go with you wherever you want me now. I did ride Brown Meg to warn brave Tom Trainor and his Wyoming boys of Radcliffe and his Britishers. And you can just lick me now all you want to. If that cane ain't big enough, I'll get you a bigger wattle. Golly, I feel so good I could stand it to be kicked all over the farm by a boot as big as Deacon Wilson's shoe-shop sign."

And Dick broke loose from his father's grasp, turned another somerset, waved his flag, and cried, in a delirium of joy:

"Hurrah for Washington, the Continental Congress, and Tom Trainor!"

Then he ran up stairs, and waited in the room where the captain usually administered corporal punishment, while his father slowly climbed up the stair-way.

"You young rebel, you! You lubber, you!" cried Captain Marvel, furiously, grasping Dick's coat, and raising his cane to strike.

"Am I standing right for you, father?" asked Dick. "I want to be licked good. It'll make the fun all the better. I tell you, father, the more lickin' you give me the better I feel, for I want to be square all around."

Captain Marvel raised his cane higher. As he did so, tears came to his eyes. Instead of striking Dick's willing back, the old man's admiration for his brave boy completely overpowered him. Dropping the cane, he grasped Dick in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him.

"My noble boy," he said. "I'm afraid, you lubber, if you keep on with your dashing pranks, you'll make a Yankee out of me. But tell your mother and Maud that I flogged you soundly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Maud's musical voice at the door of the room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" repeated the parrot, which sat on the maiden's shoulder.

"And you, my neat-sailing, trim clipper, you in the secret, too?" exclaimed the jolly old salt. "Shiver my timbers, daughter," he added, "that Tom Trainor's more of a man than I thought him. And there's a time, perhaps, when us old chaps must give way and permit the young idea to shoot."

So saying, Captain Marvel shook his head thoughtfully, and led the way down stairs.

## CHAPTER VII.

PIE, CREAM, AND KISSES.

All that day the American cavalry pursued the flying Britons, until but a remnant of Captain Radcliffe's troops remained, and these were forced to quit their horses and accouterments, and flee to the woods for their lives.

At twilight in the evening Captain Tom Trainor and his brave boys with their dead, wounded, prisoners, and the captured horses and equipments of the routed British cavalry, returned from the pursuit, and camped for the night a mile to the northward of Captain Marvel's kitchen, on the river bank.

All day long Dinny O'Toole and Sergeant O'Flaily had remained in Captain Marvel's kitchen, the guests of Bridget O'Coode.

The three had given over for the time their love squabble, and had been chatting concerning the Emerald Isle and of the battle exclusively.

Sergeant O'Flaily, nevertheless, had determined in his heart to yet win Bridget's heart from the victorious Dinny O'Toole. He had gleaned from her manner and expression during the day



that she was thoroughly in sympathy with the American cause, and had determined to make a bold move toward winning her favor at once.

While Captain Tom Trainor and his tired troopers were eating their late suppers their attention was drawn by the hoarse voice of the sentry posted to the southward calling for the corporal of the guard.

The next moment a squad of dismounted soldiers brought forward the tall form of Sergeant O'Flaily walking beside little Dick Marvel, who had the sergeant's belt strapped about his waist, his sword and scabbard—almost as long as Dick was tall—trailing behind the little hero on the ground. In his right hand he held one of Sergeant O'Flaily's pistols, cocked and ready, and in his left hand he carried his little flag.

"Here," cried the corporal of the guard, as the group came from the darkness into the light of the camp-fire, "is Star-Spangled Dick, bringing in a prisoner of war."

The scene which followed this announcement, and the recognition of little Dick Marvel can be readily imagined. Such screams of laughter, such rounds after rounds of cheering and applause ensued as seldom greet the human air.

In the midst of the uproar Captain Tom Trainor came upon the scene.

"I deliver to you," said little Dick, solemnly, "Sergeant O'Flaily, of Radcliffe's cavalry, a prisoner of war."

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!" cried the tall ensign, bearing forward the eagle on his perch, and as the hardy soldiers cheered, the eagle flapped its wings and croaked.

Captain Tom Trainor fairly shook his sides with laughter at the idea of so diminutive a chap as Dick fetching in as a prisoner, so stalwart a dragoon as Sergeant O'Flaily.

"Dick, my boy, you're a diamond! Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, lads, that we routed the redcoats, with Dick on our side! Ha! ha! ha!"

Sergeant O'Flaily braced himself back as the uproar subsided.

"Captain Trainor," said he, "it's no wonder that any cause which the ladies and youths of a land sympathize should succeed. I made up me mind this mornin' that an Irishman has no business with a red coat on him. I was a shiftless chap in Ireland when an English sergeant shoved a shillin' into me hand, and the next I knew I was a soger, coming to America to foight ye. My heart's against the oppressors of Ireland and America, and if ye'll take me into your company, divil a better fighter will ye find amidst ye for American liberty than Teddy O'Flaily, of the County Tipperary, Ireland."

As Sergeant O'Flaily spoke, he pulled off his red coat, threw it on the ground, and stamped upon it.

"You are taking a grave step, deserting the British flag for the American," returned Captain Trainor, while the assembled troopers cheered O'Flaily, and little Dick waved his flag.

"I know it may be a grave thing; I know it's death if I'm taken prisoner; but with such a captain to lead me divil the bit am I afraid. They'll never take me prisoner, however, for I'll do it first."

"You then wish to join my troop?" asked Captain Trainor.

"I do," returned O'Flaily.

"I will accept you," responded Captain Trainor; "and I doubt not but Dick, boys, has not only brought us a prisoner, but a brave recruit."

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick and Teddy O'Flaily!" cried the tall ensign.

Amid the cheering, Captain Trainor regularly enlisted O'Flaily as an American trooper, and furnished him with an American uniform.

When the troop had taken supper, Dick Marvel sat by Captain Tom Trainor's camp-fire, talking with the gallant commander.

An hour thereafter Captain Tom Trainor and Dick Marvel left the camp together and walked along the river road toward Captain Marvel's house.

As they went along, the dark outline of a man sprang from the road-side ahead into the bushes near by.

Dick ran after the man to see who he was, but to no effect.

"Captain Trainor," said the boy, as the two resumed their walk, "keep your eyes about you when you return to camp to-night. Sure as you live, that was one of old Butler's spies."

"There's no dozen Tories in the valley would dare tackle me, my brave boy," responded Captain Trainor, quietly.

When the twain reached the house, Dick pointed Captain Trainor to a wooden bench, upon which the light of the moon trickled through the shrubbery on the stoop.

"I'm goin' in at the window," quoth Dick, "and I'll have the charmer here in no time. So put yourself into position."

Dick was about to pass within, when a musical voice at the window above, in laughing accents, cried out:

"Oh, you little rascal!"

Dick, pointing like a clown in the pantomime, above, said:

"It's all fixed, captain. I'll see you in the morning, for I'm awful sleepy. Good-night."

Then in he bounced, and closed the window.

Captain Tom Trainor recognized the sweet, laughing voice, and, stepping down from the stoop, his eyes beheld the fair face of Maud Marvel peering, like another Juliet, in the moonlight from the window above.

Maud was the first to speak.

"Is that you, Tom Trainor?" she asked.

"It surely is Tom Trainor, and no one else, dear Maud. How beautiful you look to-night. To meet you thus in waiting for me rewards all the hardship of the day."

"You have grown cruel, Tom, since you quit our peaceful valley. How could you have the heart to drive poor Harry Radcliffe like a stricken deer before your flashing saber, and here before these very eyes of mine?"

"Gad, Maud, dear one, could I but see those beauteous eyes as I behold them now, for your sweet sake I'd have the inspiration to drive a regiment before me. How did the battle suit you? I fought to-day to win your smiles as truly as did ever a knight of old to win the favor of his lady fair. You won the fight for me."

"To be frank, Captain Trainor," responded Maud, with emotion, "I never knew my playmate, Tom, until to-day. Wait in the shade of the piazza. It is my heart's wish to be nearer to you, Tom. You have won this day all the poor heart I have to give, and I come to pledge it to you with a kiss."

Tom Trainor's brain whirled in an ecstasy of joy as Maud's fair form vanished from the window.

He hastened upon the piazza, and when the little beauty pushed back the bolt and emerged from the door-way, he folded her tightly in his strong arms, and in their long and heart-felt, mutual kiss, he felt he had an award worthy of a thousand well-fought battles.

"Then, dearest Maud, henceforth there's no mistake? You pledge me to be mine?" quoth Captain Trainor.

"What could I more, Tom? How could I do less? 'Tis your option to name the date of our wedding."

"Maud," responded Trainor, "while America's liberties yet hang in the scale, I can know no other bride than this," saying so, he touched his sword, "but on the day that freedom's flag floats free and proud, that day thou art my wife."

Again Captain Trainor folded Maud to his breast, and pressed her lips to his.

"Golly, but it's fun! I knew it would come to this. I knew you'd kiss her, Tom, ker-chuck in the mouth, and you did. Golly, but it's nice!"

And as the lovers hastily separated, little Dick Marvel came through the door-way, and turned a somerset, in his glee, upon the stoop.

"Come in," said he, after he ended his performance. "I've got a dozen pine-knots ready to light a blaze. Father's asleep, and so is mother, and they're snorin' a bass and tenor duet. Bridget's down stairs courting Dinny O'Toole, and she's just baked a dozen of the best apple-pies you ever set tooth into. I'll go down and fetch you up a couple of them, with a crock of cream. Then I'll go to bed, and you can just kiss, and eat pie, and drink cream till mornin'. Golly, won't it be nice—pie, and cream, and kisses?"

Dick smacked his lips as he ceased speaking, then entered the house, and lit the pine-knot blaze upon the hearth.

Tom Trainor and Maud—the gallant captain laughing heartily at the remarks of the young rascal, and Maud smiling and blushing—followed the youth within.

As a mass of flame climbed about the pine-knot pile, lighting the apartment like day, Dick hastened below to the kitchen, and soon reappeared, bearing two huge apple-pies and a crock of cream.

Then bidding the lovers good-night, he hastened up stairs to bed.

For fully three hours Captain Tom Trainor remained enjoying Maud's company, and when he bid her an affectionate adieu, and started for camp, he felt that his fate was sealed and settled, and that a long life of rapture, fame, and contentment, with Maud Marvel as his helpmate, had dawned upon him.

So elated was the gallant captain at his future prospects, that as he walked along briskly, his feet did not seem to touch the ground.

Amid the happiest of reflections he entered the dark woods from which little Dick had beheld the British troopers emerge in the morning.

Barely had he progressed twenty yards in the shadow of the trees, when he was suddenly surrounded by six masked men.

Three of them placed the barrels of their cocked rifles to his



head, while three stalwart fellows grasped him roughly with their hands.

In an instant, before a thought could pass his brain, the hero of the day was a prisoner.

"Surrender, in the name of the king!" cried the Tory captain.

As Captain Trainor did not answer a word, and his features could not be discerned in the dark, the Tory demanded:

"Who are you—Tom Trainor or the deserter?"

Still no answer.

"Bring him out to the moonlight, boys; we must understand the value of our prize."

Captain Trainor bit his lip with rage, and quietly awaiting an opportune moment when he might free his hands, grasp his trusty sword, and rid the world of his captors, walked with them to the moonlight.

"By Heaven, it is Trainor!" cried the Tory captain, as the moon's rays fell upon the gallant captain's frowning face.

"Stand aside, you pack of cowardly curs!" cried Trainor, suddenly freeing himself at a bound from the grasp of the three men who held him, but when he clutched for his sword-handle, he found the scabbard empty, and while the Tory captain held the weapon aloft and laughed tauntingly, the others again grasped the brave captain and tethered him tightly with a rope.

"Laugh, you dog!" hissed Captain Trainor in his anger, "but he laughs best who laughs last."

"And in the name of Washington and the Continental Congress, sure you're the boy that shall do the same. Drop that sword, ye braggard!"

The next moment the tall form of Sergeant O'Flailly sprang from the roadside, and his swift-falling saber cut the skull of the Tory captain in twain.

Right and left fell his sword strokes among the surprised group of Tories, and in an instant more five of them were dead upon the earth.

The sixth one fell upon his knees.

"Howly Mother! I surrender! Mercy!" he cried. "Don't ye know me, Sergeant O'Flailly—poor Dinny O'Toole?"

As the frightened man spoke he pulled aside the mask, and there appeared the pale, trembling face of Biddy O'Coode's disappointed suitor.

"Ah, ye craven, but that it ud be cowardly, I'd chop ye into mince-meat! Shall I do it wid him, captain?" asked O'Flailly, raising his sword over Dinny O'Toole's head.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried poor Dinny, in terrible affright.

"Cut these infernal cords from my arms first," returned Captain Trainor.

O'Flailly quickly liberated Captain Trainor.

"Give me your hand, my noble recruit," quoth the rescued officer, clutching tightly O'Flailly's hand, tears of gratitude and admiration bedewing his eyes; "how can I ever repay you for your soldierly action?"

"Asy enough," responded O'Flailly.

"For the present," returned Captain Trainor, "we must be going toward camp. We'll take you with us, Dinny, as a prisoner, until I have looked further into your case."

"We'll not be afther walkin' there," quoth Dinny O'Toole. "Sure, there's six of the finest horses in the valley, saddled and broidled, and tethered on the river-bank. Come wid me till I show you."

Captain Trainor followed Dinny, and very soon the captured horses were led through the woods to the road.

Speedily thereafter, Captain Trainor and O'Flailly, riding side and side, entered the American camp with Dinny O'Toole behind with his master's stallion, and leading the three other horses.

Dinny O'Toole was placed under guard, and the captured horses were tethered among the steeds that had been taken from Radcliffe's cavalry during the day.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE POISONED SWORD.

For a full week nothing of exciting import transpired within the valley of the Susquehanna.

The living members of the defeated British troop remained secreted in thickets and ravines, obtaining their victuals at night, through the organization under Colonel John Butler's command.

Captain Tom Trainor and Sergeant O'Flailly visited their respected lady-loves frequently during the week, and returned safely to camp.

Dinny O'Toole still remained a prisoner.

Captain Tom Trainor, believing that the enemy had been

driven from the valley, bright and early one morning, caused "boots and saddles" to be sounded, and off rode the troop at dawn of day, bound a hundred miles southward, to the Cumberland valley, where many of his troopers lived.

Trainor and his men gone, the hiding British troopers became bolder, and at night slept in Tory beds, Captain Radcliffe being the guest of Colonel Butler.

Alone, one night, Captain Harry Radcliffe paced uneasily to and fro in Colonel Butler's parlor. Suddenly the door opened, and a tall Indian entered.

"Ha!" said Radcliffe; "you are Orica, the medicine-man of the Iroquois, whom I sent for, are you not?"

"Me Orica medicine-man," returned the savage.

"Can you poison this sword the same as you poison arrows, so that if it but cut the flesh, it kills?" demanded Captain Radcliffe, taking forth his sword.

"Me poison him same as arrow," returned the savage.

"Do so then," quoth Captain Radcliffe, handing Orica the weapon; "and when you return it you shall have gold and fire-water."

"Me make him like the fang of a rattlesnake," said the Indian, taking the sword bowing low, and leaving the house.

As Orica went out at the front door an inner door opened, and Colonel John Butler himself entered.

"I have my Indians and irregulars at their full strength, preparing my expedition," remarked Colonel Butler, as he entered. "Trainor is fast galloping southward, and within three days the insult that has been offered to the king here under my nose shall be doubly avenged. By Heaven, sir, there's not a home that is not known to be loyal to our cause but shall smolder over the bones of its owners."

"Irregular warfare is the cruellest of all warfare," returned Captain Radcliffe with a shudder.

"And the attack I propose had not been made could you have foregone the fascination of a woman long enough to have done your duty?"

"Colonel Butler, for Heaven's sake cease harping on this worn-out key of yours," cried Captain Radcliffe, angrily. "I tell you, sir, I was surprised. Information, as you know, had been carried to Trainor of my approach."

"And where were you when attacked Captain Radcliffe? On your knees before a woman—bah! If you had permitted a bare hundred of my irregulars to have guided and guarded you when you found that your boyish attachment had taken precedence of your duty as a soldier, then things would have been different. As it is, I blame you for the disaster it is my duty to avenge. Moreover, Lord Clinton will blame you."

"Colonel Butler, will you cease harping on this string ere you drive me to insult you? Permit Lord Clinton to think and to do as he pleases. When I reach New York again I will quit the army at once—that I'm resolved on. I am more of a lover at present, if you please, than a soldier. I ask a truce on what is past. I beg your co-operation in what's to come. Will you make one thousand pounds sterling, if I agree as a gentleman, to pay it to you for a service which you can readily render?"

"That is a business-like proposition. I am not adverse to gold. State your ideas," returned Colonel Butler.

"This," quoth Captain Radcliffe, "I have an immense estate in England awaiting me at my father's death. Perhaps he is dead now, perhaps his wealth is already mine. At all events, my simple asking will bring five thousand pounds from the agent of our government in New York, should I require that amount. Such is the confidence of those knowing my position."

"Well, well, what is it you have to propose?" asked Colonel Butler, impatiently.

"I love Maud Marvel—wish to take her to England as my bride, and desire your aid. Doubtless this unfortunate battle has impressed her susceptible brain toward Trainor. I have learned as much. If you will use your power to give her to me, one thousand pounds sterling is the reward I'll pay you."

"Foolish as is the service, I'll undertake to perform it, providing, as you say, it is in my power."

"Listen. In the raid you propose, Captain Marvel's home must remain inviolate."

"That has already been settled upon. The homes of all sympathizers of England shall be safe."

"Ay, but Captain Marvel's must be safe only this far—Captain Marvel, his wife, and property. But Maud Marvel and Dick, the daughter and son, must be arrested, charged formally as spies, and sentenced to death. You know that through your absent Irish servant and Dick Marvel, Trainor was notified of my whereabouts, and thus came about my defeat. Maud must be arrested on the same charge with Dick. When they are condemned to death I must have the power to obtain a pardon for them. This I will do on the condition that Maud shall become my wife. You understand the plan that I would evolve—bring



Maud Marvel thus into my power, and one thousand pounds is your reward."

"What guarantee will I have of this payment?" inquired Colonel Butler.

"The money itself, sir. If you will undertake to do as I desire, within the next hour I will dispatch a messenger to New York who will return in due time with the money, and it shall be yours, on the word of an English gentleman, if you will perform the task I ask of you."

"It is the first sensible undertaking, outside of burying them, that I've ever attempted in regard to women," said Colonel Butler, rising. "I accept your proposition, Captain Radcliffe. Send off your messenger. In less than one week's time your defeat shall be bitterly avenged in this valley, and Maud Marvel and her brother Dick will be prisoners in this house at your mercy. Good-night."

The two men shook hands, and Colonel Butler left the room.

In another moment Orica, the savage, entered bearing Captain Radcliffe's sword.

"Here sword," said the medicine-man, presenting the weapon, "me poison him three times. Me dry poison by the fire. Use careful. Him raise the skin and make one blood-drop run; he kill in one minute more."

Captain Radcliffe took the sword, and gave the Indian a handful of gold from his pocket, then from the shelf in the corner he took a bottle of brandy, which he also presented to the medicine-man.

"Ugh! ugh!" exclaimed the red man. "Thankee! Thankee!"

And grasping the bottle in his right hand, even more firmly than he held the gold in his left, Orica left the room.

"Now, by all the stars in heaven, Tom Trainor!" exclaimed Captain Radcliffe, raising the poisoned sword tragically, "if you and I meet again, your tombstone shall tell the world what remains of your history!"

## CHAPTER IX.

"GOD SPEED MY BOY!"

The evening subsequent to the events of the last chapter, as twilight darkened into night, bands of Iroquois Indians emerged from the woods in the rear of Colonel Butler's house.

At ten o'clock at night, fully five hundred Indians, in war-paint, irregular Tory troops, their chiefs and captains, surrounded the house.

The Indians, in groups, chanted war-dances, the Tories, in companies, talked in whispers.

The captains and chiefs of the several bands were congregated on the stoop of Colonel Butler's house, awaiting his coming and counsel.

Horses by the hundred were tethered to the stake-and-rider fence which inclosed his capacious barn, and his spirited steed champed its bit, and shifted uneasily in its tethering at the garden gate, awaiting the mounting of its rider.

In his own appointed time, Colonel Butler came forth among the assembled chiefs and officers.

He ordered that a body of horsemen, consisting partly of Indians, and partly of Loyalists, should advance, and leave a guard of one Indian and one irregular trooper, at the home of each English sympathizer, whose presence should denote to the attacking party that that household should be spared.

This body of men, under his directions, speedily set forth.

An hour afterward, Colonel Butler and the attacking force swept onward through the valley.

Then virtually began that most inhuman butchery of the innocent, known as the Wyoming massacre.

Old men came in response to a knock at their doors, only to be tomahawked and scalped. Then into the peaceful abode, whose hardy sons were abroad fighting for their country, the ruthless savage and lustful Tory entered to enact upon helpless womanhood, innocent childhood, rapine and murder.

After all this the firebrand was used, and in the track of the advancing fiends the valley was illuminated by the glare of burning houses and flaming harvest-fields.

A loud rap on the outside door of Captain Marvel's house awoke his family, and denoted that the advance body of Butler's mongrel army had arrived.

Captain Marvel, in his night-gown, opened the door.

"Captain Marvel," said the Tory leader, "I have been authorized by Colonel Butler to place two sentries on guard at your house. Colonel Butler is scourging the valley on account of the insult which has been offered his majesty's troops within the past two weeks, and only those known to be loyal to the king are to be spared. You are a well-known British sympathizer, and the two sentries I leave you will, like the sprinkle of blood on the door step, guard your house from the destroying angel."

"I am greatly obliged to you for this kindness and information," returned Captain Marvel.

"And so am I, you 'Tory cut-throat!' thought little Dick Marvel, as he peered from the window above upon the Tory band. Then Dick began to dress himself as swiftly as he could, and at the same time listen to the conversation without.

Maud, trembling with excitement, and standing beside her mother, gazed from another window.

"You will be required to feed these men while they remain guarding your property," continued the Tory captain.

"I will cheerfully look to their wants," returned Captain Marvel.

"And so will I," thought little Dick. "They want their skulls cracked, as every cowardly Tory and Indian of Butler's band does, and I'll get them their deserts."

"You can appreciate Colonel Butler's kindness to you, and even now behold the fate of rebel homes!" continued the officer, pointing toward the northward, the heavens over which were lurid with reflected conflagrations. "There you can see the work of the fire-brand—can even hear the cries of the faithless."

From the distance came the muffled sound of a turmoil of voices—a cold, blood-curdling murmur, which all too plainly brought to mind the shrieks of dying victims, and the fiendish yells of their inhuman butchers.

"I thank Heaven and Colonel Butler, that in these woeful times my loyalty earns me safety," said Captain Marvel, shuddering as he spoke.

"You are a true man, sir, have proved yourself so, and can thank only your faithfulness. But I have a further order concerning your household, which I am grieved greatly to communicate. I have been instructed by Colonel Butler to arrest for examination your son Dick, and your daughter Maud, for it is charged that through them, and an absent servant of Colonel Butler, Captain Radcliffe's whereabouts and plans were made known to the rebel Captain Trainor.

"That settles the whole business. Brown Meg, you've got to scratch gravel again," said Dick Marvel to himself. "Dick Marvel's goin' to warn every settler from here southward, and he's goin' to let Tom Trainor know how things stand."

So saying, little Dick hastened down stairs, slipped out the back way to the stable, took down a saddle and bridle, caught Brown Meg, and led her forth to the road.

Here, in the darkness, he speedily arranged bridle and saddle, and sprang nimbly upon the back of the agile mare.

Brown Meg knew well what Dick wanted of her, and she plucked back her ears and darted forward.

"Arrest my son and daughter?" stammered the poor father, trembling in every limb.

"They are accused of playing the part of rebel spies," returned the Tory Captain; "I hope they may establish their innocence. At present I can only obey my superior's orders, and send them to him. Please bring them forth, sir, we do not wish to enter your home. Surround the house and prevent escape," commanded the officer, addressing his last words to his men.

These hastily deployed about the house, but the precaution was taken too late, for little Dick was even then knocking at the door of an American home some distance to the southward.

As the father of the family came forth, Dick cried:

"Deacon Wilson, make haste, wake your family, take them and your horses and cows to the woods, and hide them. Butler and the Indians are massacring every American home in the valley. Arouse your neighbors back from the river. Let them all bring their guns and unite to meet the savage foe. Tell them to be of good cheer, and fight to the last, for Dick Marvel is on the road, and Captain Tom Trainor will come to their aid as fast as horses' hoofs can carry his brave boys."

Then, without waiting for an answer, Dick yelled:

"Git along, Brown Meg!" and clatter, clatter fell her swift hoofs toward the south, Dick and his mare appearing in the eyes of the drowsy farmer like a warning phantom in the dark.

Maud Marvel, when she heard the Tory captain charge her and Dick with being rebel spies clasped her hands upon her forehead, looking heavenward and cried:

"Heaven protect my poor brother Dick, for surely these wretches can make good their charge against him."

"Come, Captain Marvel," said the Tory captain, impatiently, pointing to two horses with empty saddles, "bring forth your son and daughter. They will be treated well. Perhaps if they remained in your home, sundry of the defeated English troopers, who accompany the attacking party, might, in their anger, use not only them but you and your property ill despite the wish of Colonel Butler, who is your friend. Captain Radcliffe, of His Majesty's Army, sojourns in Butler's house. He, by all accounts, loves your daughter, and wishes to take her to England as his wife. This should impress you that no harm shall come to your children."



Maud had robed herself hastily in her purple silk, and with her mother appeared at the door below in time to hear the latter portion of the Tory captain's remarks.

"Yes, dear father," quoth Maud, kissing her father; "'Tis best that I should go with the troops of Colonel Butler as he commands. You are a dutiful subject of the king, and that will protect you. Captain Radcliffe, I am assured, will treat me as a gentleman should treat a lady, and never might he hope to become Maud Marvel's husband if he permitted one hair of dear brother Dick's head to suffer harm."

"Good-by, my daughter, may Heaven protect you is your heart-broken father's wish," said Captain Marvel, kissing Maud, while tears coursed down his brown cheeks. "Where is Dick?"

"Arrah, begorra!" cried Bridget O'Coode from the kitchen door, "Dick's on Brown Meg a gallopin southward to tell Tom Trainor of what's goin' on. Sure, Misther Captain, ye wur not sproy enough to catch that flea."

"What! off to warn the enemy?" shrieked the Tory captain, white with rage. "This may go hard with you Marvels yet!"

Captain Marvel almost uttered an audible "Thank God," when Bridget spoke of Dick's escape, but realizing his surroundings said nothing.

"Fie, captain," said Maud, bravely, "you cannot blame us for Dick's doings. I'm sure that father, mamma, and I, were ignorant of them until Bridget told them."

"True, girl," responded the captain of the Tories, "lead the horse with the side-saddle, that the lady may mount."

The soldier addressed led the horse with the empty side-saddle toward the stoop where Maud and her parents stood.

"Now bid your parents adieu, and mount, Miss Marvel, if you please."

"Good-my, mamma," quoth Maud, embracing and kissing her mother.

"Good-by, father dear," she said, as she kissed Captain Marvel; "keep up your hearts, dear parents, and pray that all will turn out for the best yet."

Saying so, she sprang nimbly into the saddle of the horse which Colonel Butler had sent to convey her to his house.

"You, sergeant," commanded the Tory captain, "take six of your best men and convey the young lady to Colonel Butler's house. And you, sir, take six of your fleetest horsemen, pursue and bring back the young rebel Dick Marvel, who is on our road ahead."

This order to the two sergeants was executed with alacrity.

Six men and their sergeant galloped off toward the north with Maud Marvel in custody, and a sergeant and six men vanished like shadows toward the south in pursuit of Dick Marvel.

"Good-night," quoth the Tory captain; "go to bed, and sleep in peace."

"Good-night—thanks to you," ejaculated Captain Marvel, from a heavy heart.

Then the Tory captain, leaving the two guarding sentries on their post, rode off with his mongrel troop toward the south.

When Captain Marvel and Mrs. Marvel entered their deserted home, they sat together on a sofa in one corner of the sitting-room.

For half an hour the aged couple, clasped in each other's arms, silently wept.

At last Captain Marvel ceased weeping, and sprang to his feet.

"Thank Heaven, wife," said he, "in all our troubles we have the satisfaction of knowing we have a noble son. God speed my boy on his mission to Captain Tom Trainor! From this time on, wife, I am a Yankee!"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MASSACRE.

The settlers, warned by Dick Marvel, speedily removed whatever of portable value they were possessed of, secreted their horses and cows, placed their families in places of safety, and notified their neighbors who lived off the road.

In the meantime Dick, on the back of Brown Meg, sped southward toward Captain Tom Trainor, and the fiends of Colonel Butler's command continued their deeds of pillage upon the defenseless and unarmed settlers.

Two hundred patriots—mostly old men tottering with age—hastily threw up a log breastwork across the road, fifteen miles south of Captain Marvel's home.

When the Tory advance guard approached this rude fort, a shower of bullets greeted them, which speedily caused them to beat a retreat toward the attacking party.

Soon Butler and his Indian allies advanced furiously to the attack.

Coolly the gray-headed patriots, whose sons were abroad in the American army, met the advance of the fiends.

For two entire days the advance of Colonel Butler was checked. Hundreds of his mongrel troops lay dead upon the ground. Hourly the noble old men and gallant youths who held their little fort against the invader, expected to hear the welcome clatter of Tom Trainor's cavalry to the rescue.

At this juncture a flag of truce, borne by a squad of Butler's Tories, approached.

"Colonel Butler offers you the protection of the crown if you will surrender," was the message delivered to the patriots by the Tory captain.

A hasty consultation among the American defenders ensued. They believed Colonel Butler a man of his word. In a foolish moment they agreed to surrender.

Butler entered the fort, received the arms of the patriots, took possession of their fort, and posted sentries about it.

For a full half-hour all was quiet.

Suddenly a yell worthy of the doomed of Hades broke forth without. Hundreds of painted red fiends, with tomahawks upraised, entered. Old men, women, and children were butchered, until not one remained to tell the tale of a crime that will remain forever a black spot on England's history—the Wyoming massacre.

While deeds too dark, too cruel, too base, too bloody, too foul to bear enumeration here were being committed within the fort, Butler, the chief imp, sat without upon his horse, enjoying the shrieks of dying innocents; but his punishment came through God, the avenger of the wronged in all ages, as we shall see.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MAUD'S PRAYER.

After the massacre at the fort, Colonel Butler, feeling that the insult which Captain Tom Trainor had offered to the king had been avenged, and fearing Trainor's approach, retreated with his Tory and Indian troops, and placed them about his own abode.

On the afternoon subsequent to the massacre at the fort, Maud Marvel was impatiently walking the floor of a room in Butler's house.

Suddenly came a loud, imperative knock upon her chamber door.

"Can I enter, Miss Marvel?" said a voice, which Maud, with a shudder, recognized as Butler's.

"Yes," returned poor Maud, in a voice barely audible.

The next moment, Colonel Butler, holding in his hand a long roll of paper, with a pompous air entered the apartment.

"Miss Marvel," said he; "you have been accused of aiding in giving information of the whereabouts and plans of the king's troops to the enemy. What have you to say?"

"I have to say," returned Maud, bravely, her pale face trembling with emotion, "that such an accusation sprang not from the breast of a gentleman."

Colonel Butler bit his lip and opened forth the paper with a rude slap of his hand.

"It certainly was not the work of a rebel," said he, coldly. "This document recounts the proceedings of a court-martial, in which it is shown that you, [in conjunction with your brother Dick, received from my truant servant man, Diunny O'Toole, certain information, and abetted the transportation of it to the rebel cavalry, thus bringing about injury to his majesty's troops. You have been found guilty, and are under sentence of death."

"Which only proves," returned Maud, calmly, her eyes burning with anger, "that mere monsters, and persons free from the instincts of gentlemen, have carried through these proceedings, and verified a charge which is foul and false against a helpless girl."

Maud stood up proudly, and her eyes flashed like a queen's.

"At all events," returned Butler, after a short pause, turning on his heel, "it will take a gentleman to relieve you from your present position, or ere another sun sets you hang."

As Colonel Butler left the room, Maud's bravery left her.

Then she thought as to the meaning of Butler's remark that it would take a gentleman to relieve her from her position. The surmise instantly came to her nimble brain that Harry Radcliffe had thus brought her into his power, that he was the gentleman Butler had alluded to, that her British suitor had brought about her incarceration to work his ends upon her.

From that instant Maud hated Harry Radcliffe.

Barely had Butler quitted the room, when Captain Radcliffe, in his red coat and gold buttons entered.

"My dear, dear Maud," said he, as he advanced gallantly and knelt, "how sorry am I to see you in this plight! How glad am I that I can bring you succor."

"Captain Radcliffe!" exclaimed Maud, with the look of a



tragedienne, "I considered you at one time a gentleman. One day I had gladly given you my hand. Now that I know that you have entrapped me thus, I own in this wide world one love, and that is Captain Tom Trainor. Were you a thousand times richer and better than you are, with all the fire of an American girl's heart I would hate you! Do with me as you will, I will never become your wife!"

Captain Radcliffe sprang to his feet in amazement. For a minute he could do nothing but stare vacantly at the daring little woman before him.

"Maud Marvel," said he, half in anger, half in admiration, "am I to know that you who a day ago treated me so kindly, now rebuff me so cruelly? Marry whom you will, by all the powers of Heaven, you shall never die on this charge while Radcliffe can prevent it! Oh, think not so ill of me!"

Saying so, the gallant captain ran from the room, while Maud stood still and wept.

Then she knelt upon the floor of her prison, and raised her hands toward Heaven.

"Thou Great King, that judges well the right and wrong," she prayed, "send me assistance, I pray Thee. Be with my soul's love, Tom Trainor. Oh, make keen his saber in avenging this wrong. Save me from this peril that threatens me. Preserve my dear little noble brother Dick. Amen, amen!"

And the poor girl threw herself upon her bed and wept, and weary with her many troubles, closed her eyes and slept.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RESCUE.

After many weary hours of riding and resting, Dick Marvel, waving his flag, came suddenly upon the outposts of Captain Tom Trainor's camp.

The sentries, knowing Dick well, permitted him to pass without a challenge, giving him a loud cheer as he sped by on Brown Meg.

A moment afterward he drew rein directly before Captain Trainor, and the hardy troopers in a crowd came cheering about him.

"Captain Trainor," cried the excited boy, "the Tories and Indians, under Butler, are butchering every American family in the valley to offset your victory over Radcliffe!"

As Dick spoke the brave men near him turned pale, and their brows knit together in a frown that betokened ill for Butler and his mongrels.

"Sound boots and saddles!" thundered noble Tom Trainor, in a voice that rang clear and shrill through the air for a full half mile.

In the twinkling of an eye it seemed the entire troop was mounted and ready to ride, the tall ensign holding the eagle aloft upon its perch beside the colors.

"But the worst I have not told you yet," whispered little Dick into Captain Trainor's ear. "Butler has taken Maud a prisoner to his house on the charge of being an American spy."

"Taken Maud prisoner?" exclaimed Captain Trainor, while his face became as white as marble, and his dark eyes flashed fiercely.

A moment Captain Trainor hung his head as if in thought.

"Boys," said he, looking up and addressing his men, "when you come to the scene of this trouble recollect that you are there to avenge the deaths of the hopeless and innocents of your homes. But coming there you must be fresh and able. Myself and Dick will go ahead as your scouts. My lieutenant shall command you until we meet again. Make the journey as rapidly as you can to keep the horses and yourselves ready for active duty. Dick and I, by relays of horses, will reach and lend heart to the troubled settlers in all haste."

Off then rode Captain Trainor, Dick Marvel, and Dinny O'Toole for a speedy ride toward the scene of the massacre, while the troop followed, having instructions to make the journey, so that on their arrival at the whereabouts of the perfidious foe they and their horses would be ready for action.

By relays of horses borrowed from the patriot settlers, Captain Trainor, Dick Marvel, and Dinny O'Toole reached, in a fifteen hours' ride, the vicinity of the Tory camp, on Butler's farm.

It was night, and Dinny O'Toole was explaining, as the three rode swiftly along, the best method, according to his idea, of entering the enemy's lines, when suddenly they were confronted by three redcoat horsemen of Radcliffe's defeated cavalry, who challenged them in the king's name.

"My answer is this," cried Captain Trainor, and fiz, fiz descended his sword, making a hissing sound as it cleared the air as if a piece of red-hot iron had been immersed in water, and two of the British troopers fell dead from their frightened steeds.

The third trooper dropped his sword and begged for quarter.

"Tell me, then," demanded Captain Trainor, not deigning to

strike the trembling and unarmed soldier, "what is the countersign to-night? This, and the promise that you will gallop southward, shall gain you your life."

"The countersign is 'saloon,'" gasped the frightened trooper.

The Briton glanced with a look of terror at his two dead companions on the ground, and dashed off toward the south, glad at so easy a price to save his life.

Captain Trainor smiled, and a few moments more the three were confronted by five Tory outposts of Butler's camp, who presented their bayonets in line across the road, and yelled:

"Halt!"

"We're friends," answered Dinny O'Toole.

"Name the countersign," cried one of the Tories.

"Saloon! Saloon! Saloon! Saloon! Saloon!" hissed Captain Trainor, and at every word he spoke a sword cut in two a Tory's head.

The five outposts were dead men before any one of them could pull a trigger.

"Yonder is the prison where Maud is confined. Dick, my boy!" exclaimed Captain Trainor, as Butler's large white house loomed up in the moonlight ahead, "in ten minutes more we shall be free or Tom Trainor will be one of the dearest men that ever lived."

"I'll go around the back way," quoth Dinny O'Toole, turning his horse off into a lane to the left of the main road; "I've got seventeen foine horses and a bag of gold to get this night."

Directly toward the home of Butler galloped Captain Tom Trainor, followed by Dick Marvel; Captain Trainor's heart was a soldier's; he could not sneak about and endeavor to release his lady-love by stealth; he faced every issue with a bold front.

At the door of the house a single sentry walked to and fro. So audacious was Trainor's approach, that the guard imagined for the instant that Colonel Butler, who had an hour before gone to the Tory camp, whose camp-fires were visible on the hill to the westward, was returning to his home. Ere he had learned his mistake, Tom Trainor's deadly saber had done its work, and he lay prone on the earth—off duty forever.

In a twinkling Captain Trainor dismounted, and tethered his steed to the railing of the stoop.

Dick Marvel dismounted as well, and tied his horse near that of Captain Trainor.

Trainor entered the abode of Butler at a bound, while little Dick went toward the dead body of the sentry, and lifted his undischarged musket in his hand.

Within the house Captain Trainor encountered a second stalwart sentry pacing to and fro before a door, which he readily understood was that of the room in which Maud Marvel was imprisoned.

The soldier's cheek paled, for he recognized the features of Trainor's determined face. He made a movement toward aiming his gun to fire, and at the same time began to shout an alarm. His movement and voice were cut short on the instant, and from the keen edge of Captain Trainor's sword his head went twirling like a ten-pin ball, while the headless trunk fell, with its musket and accouterments with a blood-curdling thud upon the floor.

The next moment Captain Trainor entered the apartment in which Maud was confined. At the sound of the scuffle without, she had sprung in terror from her bed, and stood, with hair disheveled, and trembling like a frightened deer, in the center of the room.

"Tom Trainor! I've prayed that you would come!" she gasped, then reason forsook her, and she fell forward into the gallant soldier's arms.

"Dear Maud," said the brave captain, folding the insensible form of the woman he loved better than life to his breast, and planting a fervent kiss upon her forehead, "thank the Heaven you prayed to, dear one; you did not implore in vain."

Then lifting the little maiden on his left arm, he raised his sword in his right above his head, and added:

"Show me, with you in my arms, the regiment of Tory troopers that can part us!"

Speedily he bore Maud from the house, and, springing with his precious burden, like another Lochinvar, upon the strong steed's back, cried out to little Dick:

"Haste, Dick, mount and follow! Maud is rescued from her prison!"

Saying so, he gave his horse the spur, and darted off toward the south like a flash.

Dick presented the musket he held in true military style as Captain Tom Trainor, bearing Maud on his arm, mounted his steed, then throwing himself back in a fit of joyous laughter, he articulated, in his jolly way:

"Golly, but it's fun!"

Dick was on the point of unloosing his horse, when out upon the stoop, bare-headed, rushed Captain Harry Radcliffe.



"Gone?" he cried. "This is Tom Trainor's work! Thank my good stars, here's a horse. If he escapes me this night, then all the fates are conspired against me."

Captain Radcliffe had been roused from his slumber by the fall of the body of the dead sentry, and had come to his room door in time to behold Maud Marvel in Tom Trainor's arm.

Thoroughly enraged, he returned to his room, hastily came forth again, sword in hand, speedily mounted little Dick's horse, and darted off, guided by the clatter of Tom Trainor's fast-flying steed, in hot pursuit toward the southward, leaving Dick, whom in his haste he believed to be the outside sentry, holding his gun in utter amazement.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DICK'S FIRST SHOT.

The clatter of the hoofs of the steed which Radcliffe rode had become fainter and fainter, until scarcely perceptible, when the sound of numerous galloping horses near by startled Dick.

Dinny O'Toole had not remained idle during this flying visit to his old master's home.

In fact, in the way of making off with booty he had been as successful as Captain Trainor had in rescuing beauty.

He had entered at the rear of the house, and going to Colonel Butler's private room, had secured the coveted bag of gold. Then passing swiftly toward the pasture-field near by, had collected sixteen horses, all of which knew him so well that they readily followed at his bidding.

"Bad luck to me," quoth Dinny, as he glanced about among the animals, "Butler's big black horse is missing, and I'm doomed to go off widout him. The ould varmint himsilf must be roidin' this noight. Hou-p-la! now all of yees follow your future masther, Dinny O'Toole, and his bag of goold."

Dinny guided his prizes from the pasture-field through the lane to the valley road, and went galloping at the head of his unbridled troop toward the south.

These were the hoofs that had startled Dick Marvel.

A moment of quiet ensued as the noise of Dinny O'Toole's horses died away in the distance, and little Dick began to realize the awkwardness of his position.

"Golly, Dick Marvel," said he to himself, "if old Butler or his Ingins catches you after what's been goin' on to-night, you'll be killed sure."

Dick reflected a moment whether he would endeavor to find a horse in Butler's barn, or run on afoot after Captain Trainor.

Ere he had made up his mind which course to pursue, there came to his ear the dull thunder of a body of horses from the northward, and Dick instinctively retreated to the stoop where the shade from the surrounding vines completely hid his form.

Louder became the clatter of the advancing horsemen, and Dick knew that they were the troopers of Butler.

He almost felt a saber cleaving his skull, and the hand of the red foe tearing the scalp from his bleeding head.

He plucked up his courage to the sticking point, however, shook off the shiver of terror that crept up his spine, and in another moment felt the warm blood of resolution tingling through every vein.

"Come on, you cowardly servants of a mean king," he cried between his teeth; "you'll find when Dick Marvel dies he quits the world a soldier fighting for Washington, Tom Trainor, Maud, and freedom."

Saying so he cocked the musket, knocked on its front side to bring the priming right, then placing its muzzle at a good rest upon the railing of the stoop, dropped to his knees, and prepared to fire at the advancing Tories.

The next moment the dark outlines of two-score horsemen came to view upon the valley road to the northward.

A dozen yards in advance, at their head, rode a tall man upon a huge, spirited, coal-black steed.

When they had approached within thirty yards Dick saw that they were half Tories and half Indians, and that the tall man at their head was Colonel Butler.

He raised his eyes toward Heaven.

"May the same Providence," said he, reverently, "that guided the stone of little David's sling toward the Goliath who oppressed his people, guide the bullet of little Dick Marvel against the foul fiend who has laid waste our beautiful valley."

When Dick had muttered this prayer he took cool aim at Butler's head. Bang! went the musket, with a report that caused the advancing mongrels to rein in their steeds in affright, while Butler threw up his hands, and fell headlong from his horse—dead.

In falling, his boots caught in the stirrups, and his head strik-

ing the flank of the steed, he dashed ahead, dragging the dangling corpse of his master.

"Now is my chance," thought the little hero on the instant, and dropping the musket he bounded into the road, caught the bridle of the rushing horse, and threw himself as nimbly upon the back of the animal as a hurdle rider in the circus.

This daring deed frightened the noble steed the more, and he sped toward the southward as if all Hades were after him.

While the Tory troopers halted, as if thunderstruck, Dick turned in the saddle.

"Cowardly butchers," cried he. "Captain Tom Trainor and his Wyoming boys are on you. Pray Heaven to pardon your sins ere you die!"

A volley of bullets came flying after Dick, but as they whistled by the noble horse galloped all the faster, and in a thrice nothing came to Dick's ears but the sound of the swift-falling hoofs of the frightened animal he rode.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Maud Marvel, as she was borne swiftly along, became suddenly conscious.

On the instant she realized her position, and well she knew, from the frantic pace of the steed, that it was a thrilling one.

"Are we pursued?" she asked, in tones so low that only the eager ear of a watchful lover caught the accents of her voice.

"Have no fear, dear one," quoth Captain Trainor, bending forward and kissing her as they rode. "I know not—care not—if they are pursuing us. I know I have Maud Marvel here, and a good sword at my side, which is invincible when its blade flashes for her."

But even as Captain Trainor pressed Maud's lips, close following in his rear sounded the clatter of pursuing hoofs.

Captain Trainor listened a moment as he rode.

"It's only brave little Dick," said he. "Ha! ha! what a noble brother you have, darling!"

But ere Maud could reply, the pursuing horseman gained so rapidly upon the overburdened steed that but a few yards intervened between them.

A true soldier is always on his guard, and Tom Trainor wheeled his steed about to face the frantic rider approaching.

As he did so, Captain Radcliffe's voice came shrilly and defiantly upon the night air:

"Stop, rebel and thief that you are! Give up your prisoner, or confront my blade; and either way, in the king's name, die!"

And, saber in hand, the furious Briton, his hair streaming, and eyes flashing wildly in the moonlight, charged fully against the horse of Captain Trainor.

Trainor's sword dextrously threw off the furious cut which Radcliffe directed at his head. Radcliffe reined back his steed, and for an instant the two glared at bay upon each other, while Maud, trembling like a frightened dove, was held to her place on the saddle by the firm grasp of her champion's left arm.

"I had thought, Radcliffe," said Captain Tom Trainor, "under whatever banner you side, that you were a gentleman. What can I think now that you have aimed a cut which might have fallen on a helpless girl?"

"I am a man, an officer, and a gentleman," returned Radcliffe, dismounting from his horse as he spoke, and tethering him to a sapling aside the road. Your insinuation is as false as your traitorous heart. I have skill enough in the art of the swordsmanship to know, when I strike, whether my blade shall fetch upon the lady I love dearer than life, whose misguided confidence in you must only bring her dishonor—or upon a foul traitor to England's gracious king. If you doubt the quality of my swordsmanship, dismount and test it if you dare!"

"It's a fine moonlight night," quoth Trainor, slipping from his steed to the ground; "and nothing could please me better than this opportune meeting. I will try swords with you here before Maud's own bright eyes, and Heaven give her to the victor!"

The noble charger which Trainor had ridden breathing forth great clouds, his sides heaving like a pair of bellows from his over-exertion, stood still as Maud, pale and trembling, gazed with a vacant stare and a throbbing heart toward the two rivals on the earth.

The road toward the river was a smooth, even plot of ground, all velveted with nature's green carpet. Beyond this the sparkling waters of the broad river meandered peacefully on. Through the leaves of a circle of overhanging boughs the moon's rays trickled.

"A lovely spot for a duel," said Radcliffe, crossing from the



road to this grassy plot. "Gad! the very soft summer air invites the sport."

Then raising defiantly his sparkling blade, he added:

"Come and measure sword to sword, with the king's honest steel."

"Fear not—this battle is in your cause, Maud," whispered Trainor to the frightened girl.

Then bounding nimbly forward, he paused a few yards from his opponent.

"I fight, Harry Radcliffe, against impudence and assumption, against the petty elector of Hanover, the ignorant and insignificant King of England, for innocence, beauty, Washington, the Continental Congress, freedom, and right."

"I fight for my gracious king, merry old England, my heart's love, Maud Marvel, and against a dog of a rebel," hissed forth Radcliffe.

Swiftly then the two men, the eyes of each glaring like those of battling tigers, sprang to the contest.

The flashes of their fast-falling sabers made curves of lightning-like reflections in the moonlight. Clang, clang, came the good steel blades together, emitting sparks of fire in attestation of the fierce and deadly nature of the fight.

Maud, clutched with her trembling hands the mane of the horse, leaned forward, and swooned. The tethered horses pranced about uneasily.

Both men were dextrous swordsmen, and parried each other's blows manfully. For a full minute neither had drawn blood. What Radcliffe wished to do was to make the slightest incision in Trainor's flesh, and his victory was complete in his rival's death. All that Trainor desired to accomplish was to disarm Radcliffe, and then with the flat of his sword-blade drive him from the presence of Maud.

Suddenly Radcliffe sprang back from the contest, and Trainor, seeing that his enemy desired a truce for a moment, dropped his saber's point to the earth and rested upon it.

"Trainor," cried Radcliffe, "no half-way measures. I demand that either you shall die or I."

"Be it as you desire," responded Trainor, and again the two crossed swords.

For minutes clash, clash, clash, together in vicious cuts and parries, the sabers met. Then Radcliffe plainly showed fatigue. His sword grew heavy and unwieldy in his hand, but as the muscles of his arm weakened the venom of his rage grew more assured. Vainly again and again he tried by every dextrous faint and art to pierce the skin of his opponent.

At last his cuts became so feeble that Trainor, whose arm was as vigorous as when the fight began, contented himself with throwing contemptuously aside the weaker growing strokes of his enemy.

"If I but let you alone, good captain," quoth Trainor, suddenly, "you'll soon fall exhausted on the grass from your own over-exertion. Are you not satisfied to accept your life as my gift, and quit the field?"

"Never will I, a Briton, accept mercy at the hands of a rebel, traitor, dog!" hissed Radcliffe, delivering a furious cut as he spoke.

"Then will I disarm you at once!"

And with one powerful sweep of his sword Trainor hurled Radcliffe's saber from its owner's grasp. As it flew back swiftly from the angry touch of Trainor's blade, its edge struck full upon Radcliffe's left temple, cutting even into the skull.

The English captain's warm blood drank in the poison he had prepared for Trainor, and on the instant a cold, curdling shiver ran through his veins. One glare of hate, black as midnight, he directed toward the victorious foe, then as if impelled by a sudden pang at the heart, he threw up his hands, his eyes became dull and glassy, and with a heavy thud he fell back upon the earth—dead.

"Great Heaven, is it possible that I have killed him?" soliloquized Trainor, as he bent in amazement, and scanned the pale, motionless face of the corpse.

Taking up Radcliffe's sword from the earth, he placed it to his nostrils. A barely perceptible smell which its blade emitted told the American captain the entire story.

"Poor dead dupe!" said Trainor, flinging aside the sword, "were you honestly dead at my hand I'd feel a deep sorrow at your taking off. As it is, I leave your body to the wolves—you who are the victim of your own trap."

Saying so, Captain Trainor hastened toward the the tethered horses, for full well he knew he had not a moment to delay. At a glance he saw that the excitement of the duel had proved too great for Maud's delicate nerves, and that she had swooned.

Speedily unloosing the steeds, he sprang upon Radcliffe's vacant saddle, and holding Maud, and guiding her horse's bridle with his left hand, he started the two animals, side and side, on a gentle gallop toward the south.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DEATH OF O'FLAILY.

Although the young lieutenant of Trainor's troop—now recruited to double the strength in men and horses as when it defeated Radcliffe—wished to duly abide by his commander's orders, he found his horses so fresh and active, and his men so restive to advance that he kept but a few hours in the rear of Captain Trainor, Dick Marvel, and Dinny O'Toole.

At daylight on the morning after the night in which occurred the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the American bugle brought Captain Marvel, Mrs. Marvel, and Bridget O'Coode from the Marvel home.

Captain Marvel and his good wife had slept barely a wink during the absence of Maud and Dick.

They were wearied and worn in their anxiety, and tottered forth tearfully to learn if the new-comers brought any news of their lost and loved children.

Captain Marvel had fully fulfilled his vow to be a Yankee, and in the basement of his house hid and fed by him were two-score of the American citizens of the valley of all ages. Among these were Deacon Wilson, his wife, and sweet little daughter, Maggie.

The Tories of the valley, expecting the approach of Captain Trainor, had congregated in ambush at a timbered point on the valley road. Instead of capturing Trainor, as they had hoped, they confronted his full advancing troop.

Nothing daunted, flushed with recent victory, although far inferior in numbers, they had the audacity to fire upon the unwarned troopers. Two of the Americans were killed, and several wounded—among the latter was brave Sergeant O'Flaily, who received a mortal injury.

The Tory attack was short-lived, however. The maddened Wyoming boys left their saddles and followed the vampires into the woods, gave them no mercy, but shot and sabered almost every one of them, for few indeed escaped their wrath.

Mounting again, they hastened northward to join their gallant captain.

On account of the long, hasty ride, the horses being jaded and the men tired, the young lieutenant decreed that the troop should go into camp near Captain Marvel's home, and rest a few hours before advancing farther toward the main body of perfidious savages and brutal Tories who had consummated the massacre in the valley.

They had brought with them their dead for burial, and their wounded for attendance.

"I have one request, lieutenant," said wounded Sergeant O'Flaily, speaking with difficulty as the bugle sounded the halt in front of Captain Marvel's house, "and that is, there's an Irish girl works in this house that's from the same county in the ould dart wid mesilf. I'm of no further use to the troops or the army. Bad luck to me the Tory bullet has punctured me completely. Take me into Captain Marvel's barn that I may doie undher the care of moy dear, darlint lass, Biddy O'Coode."

In war times cavalry captains ask no favors. The lieutenant looked at Sergeant O'Flaily's pale face, and saw that no surgeon of earth could ever restore him to duty. Then he ordered the two soldiers who supported the wounded man on horseback to take him to Captain Marvel's barn, stretch his blanket upon the hay, and leave him there as he desired.

The troopers did as they were commanded, then clasping the hand of Sergeant O'Flaily, left him to die.

The troops then placed their outposts and went into camp on the river-bank, intending to rest until noon, and then to push ahead. Captain Marvel and Mrs. Marvel entered the camp to learn of their absent children.

Of Maud Marvel and little Dick the brave troopers knew nothing more than that Dick was with Captain Trainor, and that both had gone ahead to effect, if possible, Maud's rescue.

Without Trainor, and in sympathy with little Dick, the entire camp was in gloom. Every trooper wore a solemn face, and had a determined look. Each of them firmly believed that their loved captain and little Dick had madly rushed to their doom in the hot-bed of the Tories surrounding Colonel Butler's habitation. So also thought Captain and Mrs. Marvel. Poor, bereaved parents, they walked to and fro among the resting soldiers, wringing their hands and weeping.

Bridget O'Coode had not noticed the troopers as they took Sergeant O'Flaily to the barn. An instant only she had glanced without as the bugle sounded; then entered the house, cleansed her milking-pails, and going toward the stable, had milked her cows, and placed the product in the cool crocks of the spring-house.

She then took to the barn a pail of skim-milk to feed two



blooded calves, which, for safe-keeping, had been confined in a large stall.

As she ended feeding the beautiful creatures, she thought she heard a moan.

"Howly Mother save us! phat's that?" exclaimed the frightened girl, dropping her pail to be kicked about by the frolicsome calves.

"Och! and is that you, Biddy, darlint?" came from the hay-mow above, in tones denoting suffering. "Sure I thought I heard an angel's whisper."

"And who are you?" asked the trembling maid-of-all-work.

"Sure it's Teddy O'Flailly, wounded to the death in the cause of American liberty. I'm up here doyin'. Let me see your fair face, Biddy O'Coode, once more."

Bridget O'Coode hastened up to the hay-mow, and as her eyes beheld the form of Sergeant O'Flailly prone upon the blanket, his face deadly pale, blood covering his newly donned gray coat from a wound in his breast, she became frantic with grief.

"Wirra, wirra, Sergeant O'Flailly!" she cried, kneeling in the hay at his side, wringing her hands and weeping, "that your purty body should be hurted thus!"

"Ah, Biddy mavourneen!" quoth O'Flailly, raising himself in his excitement to a sitting posture, and taking Bridget's two hands in his, "sure, death has charms whin a man doies in the roight cause, and has by his soide the darlint he knew in the years gone by. Doin't I see, Biddy, in your broight eyes, the joysome scenes of olden days on the turf? And yer tears, Biddy, remoids me of the dewes that did be sparklin' on the grasses as I wint there to my work of a mornin'."

"Wirra, musha, Teddy O'Flailly, must ye doie—and must ye doie?"

"Yis, Biddy, darlint, I'm hurted to the death, bad luck to thim Tories! But mark ye, acushla machree, I doie as young at heart as whin we frolicked on the green sod of the ould dart to-gither. Ye may live, Biddy—and Heaven's blessin' be on ye that ye may—to be an ould, gray-headed woman, but if ye kape up that same young heart, sure if ye do be whoite-headed, and wrinkled, and bowed over, and old, and ugly—no, Biddy, sure that was the slip of the lip, for I niver saw an ugly woman in me loife. But, though they put on yer tombsthane, 'Here loies Biddy O'Coode, aged a hundred years,' if ye kapes up the same young heart that Teddy O'Flailly laves this world wid, we'll be meetin', Biddy, on the green, green sod of a broighter land as young as we wur whin we danced Irish jigs to-gither, and courted in green ould Ireland, God bless her!"

Overcome with the exertion he had made, Sergeant O'Flailly, as he ceased speaking, fell back, almost insensible, on his couch of hay.

"And must ye die, dear Teddy!" cried Bridget. Then, observing the sudden stupor of O'Flailly, she bounded to her feet. "Whoy," said she, "am I actin' loike a fool? Sure, the poor lad needs stimulation. I'll be off to the house, Teddy, and bring ye a dhrop of phisky."

Sergeant O'Flailly revived from his swoon as Bridget re-entered, bearing a bottle and a tin cup.

"Och, darlint!" said he, again rising with difficulty to a sitting posture, "sure I'd missed ye intoirely."

"And Teddy, sure, didn't I know ye wanted some Irish medicine to revoive yer narves, and here's a drap or good phisky for ye; perhaps that will do the same."

"Pour it out, Biddy, darlint, pour it full," cried O'Flailly, seizing and extending the cup.

Excitement is a bad thing for a freshly wounded man. O'Flailly's life-blood was silently trickling through the hay in a stream, and ere Bridget had filled the cup, he was so weak that she had to steady him in his sitting posture that he might drink.

"Ah, Biddy, dear!" whispered he, slowly, his voice becoming weaker and weaker, "I see him over yondher in the corner; yet I don't regret meeting wid him in the cause of America and Ireland."

"Who's that?" asked Bridget, looking toward the corner, in surprise.

"Death," answered Sergeant O'Flailly.

Then, straining his fast-waning strength to the utmost, he began to sing:

"Begone, ye murthern' thafe,  
Sure old Bacchus gives me lafe  
For to take another cruiskeen-lawn."

The last notes of O'Flailly's song were so feeble that Bridget interrupted him. Pushing the cup toward his lips, she said:

"Take the strinth from it, Teddy—oh, drink it."

"Here thin," quoth O'Flailly, raising the cup to his mouth, his tears mingling with the liquor as he drank, "it's to women

and gunpoudher—the one brings ye into the world, the other blows ye out."

In Sergeant O'Flailly's case the liquor proved a bad prescription. It only tended to excite the flow of blood, of which himself and Bridget were ignorant. And from the time the cup left his lips he never spoke a word, but gazed vacantly at Bridget. Suddenly a spark of intelligence lit his eyes, he extended his lips toward her, and pulled her as well as he could toward him.

Bridget clasped the dying soldier in her arms, and their lips met in a farewell kiss. The next moment Sergeant O'Flailly fell back dead upon his blanket.

Then Bridget O'Coode began to wring her hands and lament in the true Irish style.

"Och, Teddy, Teddy, Teddy O'Flailly, whoy, whoy, whoy did ye doie? Whoy did yer purty body be hurted? Whoy did ye lave Biddy O'Coode, wirra, wirra, wirra?"

Thus, with tears and sobs, and wringing of hands, Bridget was wailing in high, flute-like notes, kneeling beside and leaning over, and kissing betimes the dead O'Flailly's face, when unnoticed by her the clatter of horses' hoofs came outside the barn.

The same moment Dinny O'Toole, with his sixteen fine horses and his bag of gold, caught the sound of Bridget O'Coode's wailing voice.

"The divil take her! phat keenin' noise is that she's makin'?" said Dinny, as he hastily secured his horses, and bounded up the ladder toward the hay-mow where Sergeant O'Flailly lay.

Great was Dinny O'Toole's astonishment and anger on beholding Bridget kissing the lips of a man lying on a blanket, whose form he readily recognized as that of O'Flailly.

"Well, bad-luck to ye, Biddy O'Coode, foriver and iver, and iver!" he roared, in his rage, as he climbed into the hay-mow.

This outrageous intrusion quickly shut out Bridget O'Coode's tear-font, and changed her sorrow as if by an electric touch to anger.

"And bad-luck to you, you omadhann!" she screamed, looking around and recognizing Dinny, "and bad cess to ye for iver and for iver!"

"A foine proceedure this to be sure," sneered Dinny.

"Sure, thin, Dinny O'Toole, Teddy O'Flailly, battling for freedom, met wid a serious accident."

"And phat is that?" asked Dinny.

"He's dead," responded Bridget, wringing her hands.

When Dinny O'Toole hearing this, glanced over Bridget's shoulder, and caught sight of the face of the corpse, every vestige of anger left his breast, and sorrow, full and deep, entered in its place.

"Och, Biddy! och, Biddy!" he cried, as huge tears chased down his cheeks, "that I should have been so cruel in moy words. Brave Teddy O'Flailly, may his soul rest ever in peace. May the enemy of Washington, America, and old Ireland doie a thousand deaths, and may their children have from the day they are born, throuble for iver and for iver!"

Bridget then grasped up the bottle of whisky.

"Take of this, Dinny O'Toole!" she cried, "and may you niver doie in a bed, but in a good broad hay-mow loike brave Teddy, where you'll have plenty of room to kick."

"It's too early, darlint, for this," said Dinny, placing the bottle as he spoke into his pocket; "I've sixteen foine horses and a bag of gold, and all it wants is your swate approval to make the O'Tooles a rich, prosperous, and populous family. Answer me the word that'll make Dinny O'Toole and Biddy O'Coode united and happy for iver, and I'll secure a pair of poipes and a pound of tobacco, and wid this drap of the crathur we'll wake O'Flailly, and bury him in thrue Irish stoile."

"Don't talk to me of love, Dinny, till after the wake," responded Bridget.

"Divil a wake will ye have a chance to keen at, or a dacent burial will there be for O'Flailly," returned Dinny O'Toole, pulling forth and rattling his bag of gold, "if you won't say now and forever ye'll become Mrs. Dinny O'Toole at the end of it."

The gingle of Dinny's gold was too much for Bridget. She smothered her anger, and extending her arms toward Dinny, said:

"Thin, if it must be so, you villain, I promise ye to be Mrs. Dinny O'Toole, for iver and for iver."

The lips of the twain met in a mutual kiss, completely sealing the bargain.

At this moment a tumult arose without among the American troopers, which arrested the attention of the lovers, and together they quit the stable to see what was occurring without.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## DICK'S WELCOME.

The tired horses of the American cavalry, when loosed upon the green, velvety bank of the river, leisurely cropped the dewy grasses.

The brave troopers of Tom Trainor, although they had been constantly in the saddle for hours, found sleep impossible and rest out of the question.

Every man's face among them wore a gloomy, severe look, and instead of taking their nap and ease, they walked about in groups, chatting concerning the probable fate of their loved captain.

To assure the young lieutenant in command that he had turned entirely toward the American side, and inspire the troopers toward the speedy succor of his absent children, Captain Marvel brought forth the two-score settlers to whom his roof had proved a house of refuge during the massacre.

As the troopers looked upon the houseless refugees, every soldier raised his hat and remained bare-headed, as a mark of respect, and tears glistened in eyes unaccustomed to weeping.

Little Maggie Wilson, Deacon Wilson's daughter, carried, perched on her arm, Maud Marvel's parrot. The poor child's eyes were red with weeping, not on account of her burned and pillaged home, but in anxiety about Dick Marvel.

Dear little darling—pretty was she as a rosebud, and she and Dick were very warm friends. Yes, the young rascal and the pert little miss had planned it that they would be married when they grew up, and the child felt every whit as keenly the absence of her beau as if she had been a dozen years older, and the wife of his bosom.

Maggie and the parrot formed the central figure in the group of settlers, for every one of them, knowing that she was so heart-sore about little Dick, whose timely warning had saved their lives, sympathized with her.

As she advanced among the troopers, Captain Marvel, noting her swollen, tearful eyes, dropped his cane and lifted her in his arms.

At that moment a loud hurrah began on the outskirts of the camp, and ran like an electric shock through the entire troop.

The next instant gallant Tom Trainor galloped in the camp beside the horse that bore Maud Marvel's insensible form.

Amid the wild huzzas of the troopers no audible word could be spoken.

Captain Trainor lifted Maud gently from the saddle, and placed her slender form on a bed of blankets, which the willing soldiers speedily provided.

Some ran hastily for water, while Mrs. Marvel dropped on her knees beside her daughter, and began to rub her forehead.

"Is she injured?" asked Captain Marvel of noble Tom.

"No, thank Heaven! 'Tis only a swoon, which will soon pass," returned Trainor, while all about him his troopers were wild with glee, tossing up their hats, shaking each other's hands, and cheering.

This unusual noise revived Maud from her swoon.

Her first words were:

"Where is Dick?"

Suddenly the parrot cried out again:

"Where is Dick? Where is Dick?"

"Where is Dick, is it? Ah, ye ould spalpeen! and is that the question ye're askin'?" Sure, as I left the barn, I seen him come out from the timber beyant on the road, gallopin' for dear loife. He's too sproy for thim Tories. Niver fear for Dick, and it's Dinny O'Toole's the mon that says the same."

Every eye turned toward the speaker. Hand in hand with Bridget O'Coode, he came running from the barn toward the camp.

Ere Dinny had approached another yard, and before he could be questioned concerning Dick, from the farthest outposts of the camp came a cry as if of victory.

Louder it grew, and became intermingled with the sound of swift-falling horse's hoofs.

Another instant, and around the bend of the road to the northward came a great rushing black steed; at his side dangled the form of a man; upon him sat a boy waving the starry flag of America.

For a moment, as if suddenly deprived of their senses, troopers and refugees drew back, shaded their eyes with their hands, and glared in astonishment.

The tall ensign lifted over the heads of all the eagle which Dick had presented to the troop, and in a voice of thunder, which sounded clear above the tumult of voices, cried:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

Amid the cheering that followed, the little hero came galloping into camp.

Half a dozen troopers, rejoiced at the honor they had in so doing, grasped and held the frightened steed, and no one noticed whose body it might be which hung suspended at the side of the horse so great was the exultation at beholding little Dick safe, waving his starry flag.

All eyes were directed toward him as he nimbly sprang from the horse and ran toward his father.

"My own brave boy—you little Yankee rebel! Old Captain Marvel is proud of you—he is, he is!" cried Captain Marvel, embracing and kissing the little hero.

Then Mrs. Marvel nearly hugged the life out of her boy. Then warm-hearted Maud, fully revived, nearly kissed the breath away from him. Then Captain Tom Trainor folded him tightly in his arms.

As he did so the parrot on Maggie Wilson's arm shrieked out:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick! Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick! Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

As Captain Trainor released Dick from his embrace, the little hero looked toward the parrot, and for the first time saw little Maggie, with her back toward him, patting the earth impatiently with a tiny foot, and her eyes weeping tear after tear of clear, genuine, pure joy.

Little Dick made a rush for the little damsel, and catching her in his arms, pulled her about face to face with him.

At first she seemed to turn her face away from him in a pout, then she looked at him, smiling sweetly through her tears, then their arms flew like lightning around each other's necks, and, as their lips met in a hundred kisses, the parrot climbed from its position on Maggie's arm to the top of Dick's head, and began to flap its wings and shriek:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick! Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

And very heartily did the brave troopers respond to the cry of the bird. Every one felt jolly at beholding Dick in this gallant situation, except a dozen little girls of his acquaintance among the refugees. They didn't seem to relish this part of the business at all.

Amid the jollification suddenly started up an old Irish air from the lips of Dinny O'Toole.

He had been inspecting the form which hung by the stirrups from Dick's horse, and, fully assured of the identity of the dead man, began to sing, improvising the words:

"Oh, Tory Butler, he is slain,  
The imp that hath so many lain  
By sword, and gun, and scalping-knife,  
Hath lost his life! hath lost his life!  
Oh, Tory Butler, he is slain!"

As Dinny O'Toole sang he pointed to the dead body of Colonel Butler held dangling as it were by the stirrup.

Troopers and refugees crowded about it. As they gazed at the bleeding and mangled form of the monster who had so ruthlessly ruined the once beautiful valley, they caught up the song which Dinny O'Toole sang, and every throat that could utter a note sang out in righteous delight. Troopers lifted little Dick, the avenger, on their shoulders, and bore him around, and amid the greatest enthusiasm he waved his starry flag. The tall ensign held aloft the eagle, the parrot demanded cheers for Dick, and joy ran wild.

Amid the general glorification, Dinny O'Toole clasped Bridget O'Coode to his breast.

"Thank Heaven," said he, embracing Bridget, "the bullet that brave little Dick sent into that carcass gives us a clear title to our sixteen blooded horses and our bag of gold, and, bad luck to us, if the O'Tooles do not become a prosperous and populous community in this valley yet."

\* \* \* \* \*

A week elapsed before Tom Trainor's return to Philadelphia, and in that week he and his noble boys scoured the valley in search of the Tory and Indian bands who, under Butler, had been concerned in the Wyoming massacre.

When found their penalty was death.

They fled before the angry troopers like frightened deer, or hid away like cowardly hyenas as they were.

So signal a drubbing was administered to them that ever after they dared not trouble the American settlers in the valley.

A few years afterward the war ended, and Tom Trainor, raised to the rank of colonel, came home covered with honors, and wedded Maud Marvel.

Dick Marvel soon afterward caused Maggie Wilson to leave her mother and become his wife.

Captain Marvel and his good wife lived many years to enjoy the society and love of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

Maud's parrot never failed to screech through its long life a dozen times a day:

"Three cheers for Star-Spangled Dick!"

Dinny O'Toole and Bridget O'Coode became man and wife, and reared a large family, and to this day in the homes of the Wyoming valley they sing:

"Oh, Tory Butler he is slain!"

[THE END.]

"BOUNCER BROWN, JR., AS A SOMNAMBULIST," by Will Winner, will be published in the next number (62) of the NUGGET LIBRARY.